No. 22 ☐ Oct. 1986 ☐ $3.50 ($4.65 in Canada)

nemo

the classic comics library

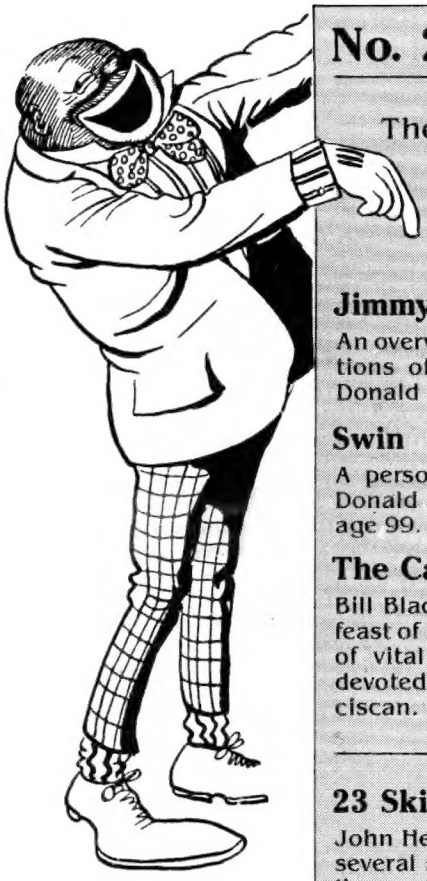
The Comic Strips of JOHN HELD, Jr.

The Art of JIMMY SWINNERTON

100 YEARS AGO: Labor Violence and Cartoonists

JOE PALOOKA Defends His Title

NEMO contents



No. 22 **October 1986**

"FOCUS ON A FOUNDING FATHER"
The First in a New Series Devoted to Artists
Who Shaped a New Art Form
JIMMY SWINNERTON
Featuring a portfolio of rare
Swinnerton cartoons and paintings

Jimmy and Company
An overview of the warm humor and special contributions of Jimmy Swinnerton by essayist and critic Donald Phelps. 36

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A personal appreciation of Swinnerton, written by Donald Phelps at the time of Swinnerton's death at age 99. 38

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23 Skiddoo!
John Held, Jr. was a versatile cartoonist who drew in several styles. His most memorable was the stylized line work of the Roaring Twenties, when he created the Flapper and the definitive visual stereotypes of many Prohibition-Era icons. We present a portfolio of his rare Sunday strip, *Merely Margy*. 6

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Joe Palooka in its early days was a humorous adventure strip of great vitality and memorable characters. In this issue we present a complete 1933 episode—with Joe defending his heavyweight title and enjoying a tickertape parade in his honor—reprinted from a rare Cupples and Leon volume. 15

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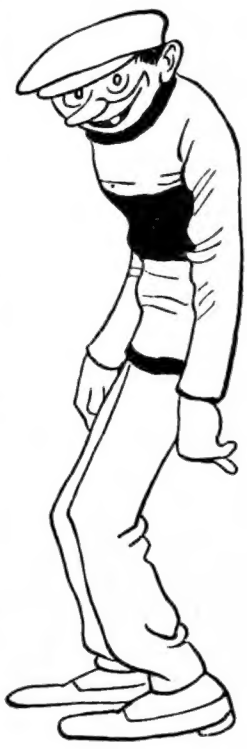

Cover by John Held, Jr.

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Drawings by Jimmy Swinnerton

Publisher:
GARY G. GROTH

Editor:
RICHARD E. MARSCHALL

Design:
TOM MASON

Art Directors:
RICHARD E. MARSCHALL, TOM MASON

Production Manager:
KIM THOMPSON

Production Assistants:
PATTIE MULLINS-RANDALL, DAVE NELSON

Contributing Editors:
TOM ANDRAE, BILL BLACKBEARD, JIM IVEY, RICK NORWOOD, DONALD PHELPS, BHOB STEWART

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Typesetting:
LINDA M. GORELL, ARLENE EASTER

Circulation:
JULIE STRNAD

Supporting Institutions:
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Although some of the earlier issues of **NEMO: The Classic Comics Library** are sold out, we can still offer the discriminating comics connoisseur a superb collection of most issues of the finest magazine devoted to classic comics:

1 *BACK IN STOCK!* Featuring a vintage *Terry and the Pirates* sequence, revelations on George Herriman's early career, Cliff Sterrett's *Polly*, an interview with Dik Browne, and more.

2 Exclusive material on the birth of *Superman*, including the never-before-seen original Siegel/Shuster fanzine version. Also: *Terry and the Pirates* concludes, Fred Harman, Art Young.

7 Special Carl Barks issue, with six pages of full-color Barks work! Also, an interview with the Duck Man; rare animation art; Clare Briggs, *Smilin' Jack*, Floyd Gottfredson talks, more.

8 All-*Little Orphan Annie* issue, including a complete reprint of a 1929 tale, an analysis of the series by Donald Phelps, and a biography of Harold Gray. Full-color Annie cover by Gray.

9 *BACK IN STOCK!* Hal Foster interviewed, with a humorous Foster cover. Plus, an interview with animator Joe Barbera, George McManus's *Nibsy the Newsboy*, and more.

10 Christmas issue, with a portfolio of cartoonists' Christmas cards. Also, Gustave Verbeek's *Upside-Downs*, Mell (*Miss Peach*) Lazarus interviewed, Ray Ewer, and *Mutt and Jeff*!

11 *Sam's Strip*, by Walker and Browne, premieres; "Dwig's" cartoons; giant Charles Dana Gibson portfolio; James Montgomery Flagg remembered; and the forgotten antics of *Slim Jim*.

13 Big half-year sequence from Will Gould's classic, violent *Red Barry*; *Major Hoople*; a look back at classic cartoonist TAD; and another installment of *Sam's Strip*.

15 A long sequence from Milton Caniff's *Dickie Dare* reprinted; *Tim Tyler's Luck*; *Hairbreadth Harry* continues; an extra-long "European Heroes" installment; plus reviews and letters.

16 A retrospective of the comic-strip adaptations of *Huckleberry Finn*; George Herriman's pre-Kat strip, *Baron Bean*; *Hairbreadth Harry* concludes; the art of Joseph Clement Coll.

17 Special all-*Dick Tracy* issue, including a complete reprint of the brutal "Brow" sequence, a rare interview, and an in-depth study of Tracy by Donald Phelps. Extra pages!

18 *Li'l Abner's* Al Capp is featured, with his final interview, a hilarious speech, and the complete 1955 "Bald Iggle" sequence. Also, the graphic art of Winsor McCay, and *Sam's Strip*.

19 A classic episode of *Kerry Drake*, Andriola's detective strip; with *Big Chief Wahoo* in Hollywood; the political art of Frank King; and Penman of the Past Russell Patterson.

20 Gustave Verbeek's classic *Terrors of the Tiny Tads*; R.B. Fuller's adventurous *Oaky Doaks*; *Sam's Strip*; letters; and an special pictorial spread on strip promotion art. Cover by Alex Raymond.

21 A big helping of Jack Kent's classic *King Aroo*; a look at Percy Crosby's paintings of slum kids; and a complete '40s episode of Harold Gray's little-known Western series, *Little Joe*.

22 A special collection of features on Jimmy Swinnerton, including a portfolio of rare work; plus *Joe Palooka*, the cartoons of John Held, Jr., and political cartoonists and the labor disputes.

23 A complete episode of *Little Orphan Annie* from 1937; a look back at *Hi and Lois*; Fontaine Fox's assistant talks about working on *Toonerville Trolley*; and a personal look at Bud Fisher.

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Editorial

The Man Who Loved Comics

A question I am asked more frequently than almost any other is "How did you first get involved with comics?" Wise interviewers and dumb neighbors alike pose it, and the phrase "involved with comics" always carries an audible coloration ranging from amused curiosity ("Imagine spending one's time with comics!" you know they think) to distanced loathing (like old comics are like being involved with drugs. Hmmmmm . . .That's for another editorial).

Of course practically nobody who asks the question actually cares. Interviewers *must* ask it, and dull neighbors occasionally need a respite from gossip and gardening tales.

So, for all of the negative reasons enumerated above, I'm going to answer the question in this editorial, even if it was, at this particular moment, unasked. In fact the subject invites warm reflection on my part, and might be useful as a touchstone for certain readers who also find themselves "involved" with comics, especially old comics.

I usually recall two items from my musty past. My father had two of the first books on cartoon history, *The Comics* by Coulton Waugh (1946) and *Cartoon Cavalcade* by Thomas Craven (1943). Even before I could read I was attracted to these books in our library. Inexplicably (actually, in retrospect I consider it *very* explicable) I was attracted to the older cartoonists, not the recent or contemporary ones. Especially F. Opper. I copied Happy Hooligan and Maud the Mule and Alphonse and Gaston, all before I could spell any of their magical names.

Each of these books covered the range of comics history up to their times, but I usually found myself in the front parts of the books. I was copying the figures of Happy Hooligan and his friends, and asking my grandmother to read the captions of reprinted magazine cartoons—not *New Yorker* ones, but musty chestnuts from *Puck* and *Judge*.

A bit later, when I was in second grade, it happened that Al Smith, the cartoonist on *Mutt and Jeff*, attended our church briefly; and our minister, knowing I was addicted to drawing cartoons, invited me along when he called on Al one afternoon to wheedle some drawings for the newsletter from him. (It may have been such requests that resulted in Al's brief membership!) The meeting, and our long friendship thereafter, were wonderful, and can be recounted elsewhere, but through Al I met many of the nation's leading cartoonists—and, again, I was drawn to the old-timers and thereby met Rube Goldberg, Harry Hershfield, and other legends.

But I am getting ahead of myself, even though this biographical bit has me just in the second grade.

The comics environment in my home was fostered by more than a pair of history books on the shelf. My father could never draw a straight line, as the cliché goes, and never felt the need to. His only contact with cartoonists was to have played a ping-pong game with Alex Raymond when both were in the service. He was no fanatic and exhibited interest in a few "normal" hobbies: stamp collecting, hi-fi, and the suburbanite's inevitable devotion to his lawn.

But he loved comics.

He simply enjoyed strips, never displaying the intellectual's disdain of their common elements, nor the average reader's superficial regard for ephemera. He flat-out loved them, and his enthusiasm was manifested in several ways. In the 1920s he began reading—and then saving—*Judge* magazine (to my eventual consternation, he sold them when I was five, so that I was obliged to rebuild the family collection just several years later). In the 1930s he began saving *Famous Funnies* comic books—reprints of newspaper strips. In the 1940s he relished *The Spirit* newspaper supplements, and in the 1950s began what really built my comics environment.

Dad bought out the store on Sunday mornings. The *New York Times* was an unquestioned ritual, as it should be, but after that we seemed to get every paper in the New York area that had a Sunday funnies section. Hardly any of those papers were read, except for the comics. Beyond that, relatives in other areas—even other parts of the country—were asked to save the Sunday comics.

On vacations, or whenever we passed an out-of-town newspaper stand, we'd load up on the color sections from cities I'd never heard of, sometimes discovering strips we'd never encountered. Even later, when I went to college, Dad would neatly cut out the daily pages of comics from the local paper so I'd never fall behind. And today, the routine continues: every time we visit, I receive the piles of clipped daily strips, and bunches of color Sunday funnies (from otherwise unread newspapers) so I can add to my own sections and keep the unbroken runs growing.

All of this has led to *NEMO*, not just culturally and intellectually, but behaviorally, as you might have noticed. Right on the heels of discovering old comics and copying them was collecting them, and I was encouraged at home to write for, trade, seek out, and save vintage comics. The environment was sympathetic, even supportive.

But I mean to do more here than explain the origins of my singular obsession, or to tip my hat to my father. An exceptional interest in comics is not just another mere obsession, acquired in spite of oneself like a communicable disease. Dad *did* collect stamps, after all, and was hooked on Baroque music and modern jazz. Lord knows he didn't need another consuming passion along the way.

No, it was the other way around. When he grew up, comics were bigger and brighter than they are today. It seems like they were funnier (he'll defend modern comics against that argument) and they certainly were more exciting. They were very worthy of one's attention, and they invited one's continual absorption in storylines and characters in a vital way.

Lest this start sounding like the usual grousing *NEMO* editorial, any preachiness about the current state of affairs is totally home-grown with me, nurtured by some knowledge of industry attitudes and priorities learned during several jobs.

You see, Dad doesn't really like a lot of the strips being drawn today. Oh, there's a bunch that he loves; he'll phone when there's a gag in *Hagar* or *Moose* he likes, or to rave about the current storyline in *Annie*. He'll read them all, but he likes very few. And there are many he actively despises, unable to figure how they get published. I feel the same way, up and down the line.

Yet we both go on buying the comics, and saving them. We both buy Sunday papers just to have comics we don't get elsewhere; and several of those papers still don't get opened except to the comics.

On one level it may seem that I am documenting what is indeed an obsession, if not a habit. But there is more to the rite. Dad is paying weekly homage to an age when comics mania was a privilege for many, not an unwritten obligation for few. We are both performing the liturgy from a day that has passed, but also investing, with grudging idealism, in a future that may again be bright and exciting.

I have an inescapable feeling that if Marty Marshall were a young man now, he'd be getting hooked on something other than comics: I wonder if deep in his subconscious he hopes, after lugging 12 pounds of newspapers home each Sunday, that a funny section will magically have bright colors again, or full-page comics, or thrilling (not just "continuity") adventure strips. I wonder if I were growing up these days—would I, even with a father's collecting practices, get hooked on comics as I did 30-odd years ago?

The answer, to paraphrase Shakespeare, is not in ourselves; comics have changed. And more than comics themselves, their environments have changed, even if mine hasn't.

We look back, and we look forward. I thank God for history books, and for parents who responded to so much that was great and enjoyable and exciting and worthy of saving in that peculiar art form called the comics.

So *that's* how I first got involved with comics, and why I'm still involved with comics. Dad's been involved longer. They hooked him, and now he's holding onto them. Maybe—age bringing wisdom and all that—he's waiting for the pendulum to swing back. I'll wait with him.

Richard Marshall

The Bee's Knees; The Cat's Pajamas

John Held's Flapper Strips

John Held, Jr., was a celebrity of the Roaring Twenties. With the possible exception of Russell Patterson, he defined the style of the wild generation in a more definitive graphic manner than anyone else. His raccoon-coated sheiks and flat-chested flappers are virtual icons of a period. All his characters are vapid and his portraits are rather critical, in spite of posterity's impression that he reverently, or at least lovingly, recorded an era.

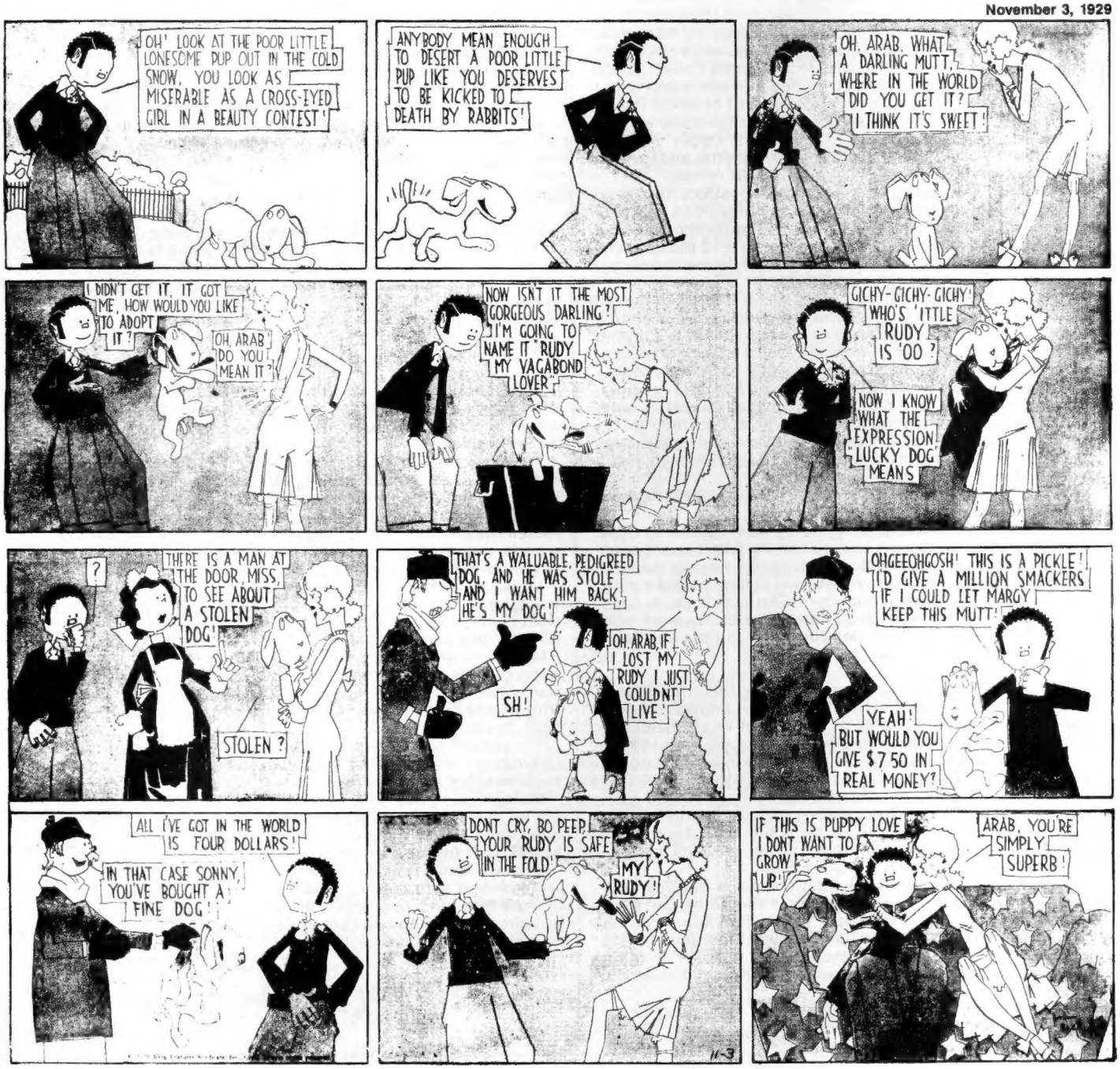
After filling the covers and interiors of *Judge* and *Life* and other magazines with his Prohibition-Era wastrels (he never drew them for the *New Yorker*, a fact that also contradicts a popular impression) Held turned to the comic-strip medium. For United Features he created a panel, *Oh! Margy!* (which ran in such papers as the *New York Graphic*), but was then swept up by Hearst and King Features, where the same stereotyped characters starred in the Sunday and daily *Merely Margy*.

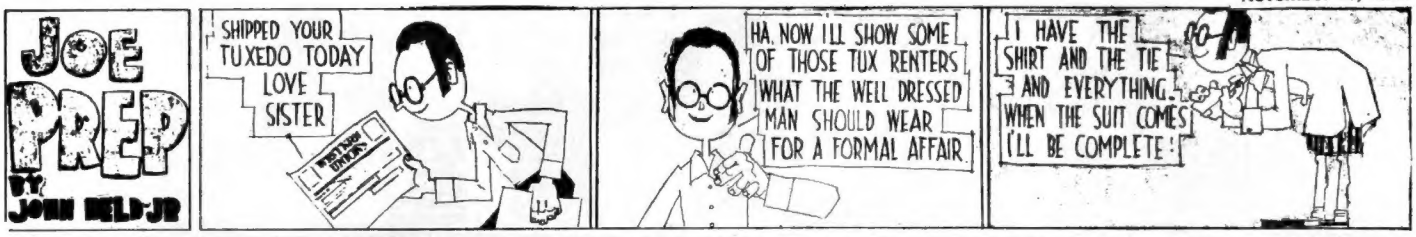
Unfortunately for everyone concerned, the association with *Merely Margy* ended in the early 1930s, by which time youngsters had tired of the swooning and crooning of an earlier decade . . . and the Great Depression imposed a new sobriety on erstwhile partygoers.

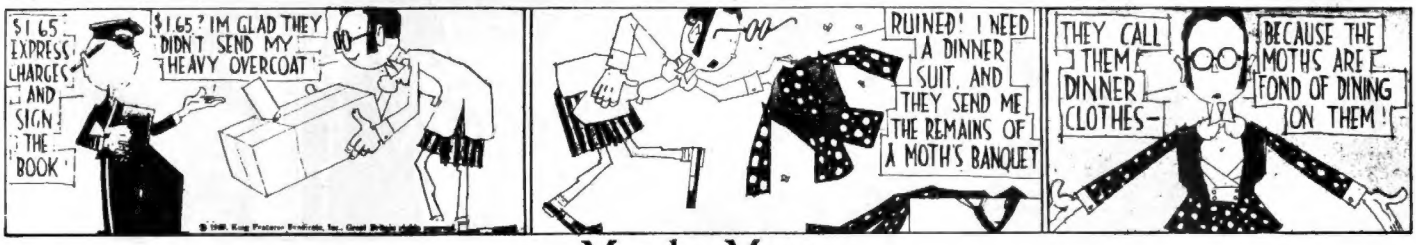
Nevertheless *Merely Margy* remains as a unique record of a time and of a talent—John Held, Jr., chronicler of a memorable lifestyle and a colorful generation.

—REM

November 3, 1929


OH! LOOK AT THE POOR LITTLE LONESOME PUP OUT IN THE COLD SNOW, YOU LOOK AS MISERABLE AS A CROSS-EYED GIRL IN A BEAUTY CONTEST!
ANYBODY MEAN ENOUGH TO DESERT A POOR LITTLE PUP LIKE YOU DESERVES TO BE KICKED TO DEATH BY RABBITS!
OH, ARAB, WHAT A DARLING MUTT, WHERE IN THE WORLD DID YOU GET IT? I THINK IT'S SWEET!
I DIDN'T GET IT, IT GOT ME, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO ADOPT IT?
OH, ARAB DO YOU MEAN IT?
NOW ISN'T IT THE MOST GORGEOUS DARLING? I'M GOING TO NAME IT "RUDY MY VAGABOND LOVER"
GICHY-GICHY-GICHY! WHO'S 'ITTLE RUDY IS 'OO?
NOW I KNOW WHAT THE EXPRESSION "LUCKY DOG" MEANS
?
THERE IS A MAN AT THE DOOR, MISS, TO SEE ABOUT A STOLEN DOG!
STOLEN?
THAT'S A WALUABLE, PEDIGREED DOG, AND HE WAS STOLE AND I WANT HIM BACK, HE'S MY DOG!
SH!
OH, ARAB, IF I LOST MY RUDY I JUST COULDN'T LIVE!
OHGEEOHGOSH! THIS IS A PICKLE! I'D GIVE A MILLION SMACKERS IF I COULD LET MARGY KEEP THIS MUTT!
YEAH! BUT WOULD YOU GIVE $7.50 IN REAL MONEY?
ALL I'VE GOT IN THE WORLD IS FOUR DOLLARS!
IN THAT CASE SONNY, YOU'VE BOUGHT A FINE DOG!
DONT CRY, BO PEEP, YOUR RUDY IS SAFE IN THE FOLD!
MY RUDY!
IF THIS IS PUPPY LOVE I DONT WANT TO GROW UP!
ARAB, YOU'RE SIMPLY SUPERB!


JOE PREP
BY JOHN HELD JR
SHIPPED YOUR TUXEDO TODAY LOVE SISTER
HA, NOW I'LL SHOW SOME OF THOSE TUX RENTERS WHAT THE WELL DRESSED MAN SHOULD WEAR FOR A FORMAL AFFAIR
I HAVE THE SHIRT AND THE TIE AND EVERYTHING. WHEN THE SUIT COMES I'LL BE COMPLETE!


$1.65 EXPRESS CHARGES AND SIGN THE BOOK
$1.65? I'M GLAD THEY DIDN'T SEND MY HEAVY OVERCOAT
RUINED! I NEED A DINNER SUIT, AND THEY SEND ME THE REMAINS OF A MOTH'S BANQUET
THEY CALL THEM DINNER CLOTHES-
BECAUSE THE MOTHS ARE FOND OF DINING ON THEM!

Merely Margy

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

AS MY HIGH-WHEEL BICYCLE IS BEING REPAIRED I'LL POP IN HERE AND PURCHASE A HUNDRED MILES OF HAPPINESS! 15 CENTS A MILE! CHEAP AS AIR!
U-DRIVE
AUTO COMPANY
RENT A CAR
DRIVE YOURSELF
15¢
PER MILE
CAN I DRIVE? HEY, I TAUGHT MAJOR SEAGRAVE TRICKS!
HIGH PRICED AUTOS ARE ALWAYS STOPPIN' PARTS KEEP BUSTIN' TIRES GO POPPIN' BUT MY OL' MAN'S FLIVER— IT JUST KEEPS ROLLING ALONG!
WHONK!

BOY! THAT'S A SNAPPY LOOKING WHATSIT!
LEAP IN AND WE'LL SPURN UP SOME CONCRETE!
THIS ISN'T MY OWN HOME! I'M JUST RENTING IT FOR 19 MORE MILES!
WHERE DID YOU GET THIS SALT-SHAKER HOW MUCH DID YOU PAY FOR IT?
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
NOT A THING-EXCEPT— WE'RE OUT OF GAS!

WE'RE OUT OF GAS- OUT OF LUCK- AND 5 MILES OUT OF TOWN!
BABY, I'M DUMB! WHY DON'T YOU GET MAD AND CALL ME THE FOOL NAMES I AM!
SAVED! HERE COMES A FARMER DRIVING A LOVELY HORSE!
I HOPE HE DOESN'T WANT MORE THAN FOUR DOLLARS TO DRAG US BACK TO TOWN!
GIUP!
WOULD YOU CARE TO DRIVE A WHILE? THIS FAST PACE IS KILLING ME!
SAVE YOUR SOBS! WE'RE NOT GOING FAST- BUT WE ARE GOING!

HEY! BE CAREFUL! WITH THAT MATCH!
WHY SUCH? NEIGHBOR?
CANT YOU SEE ALL THESE CANS ARE FILLED WITH GASOLINE!
"THE AIR SHALL BE FILLED WITH MUSIC AND THE NIGHT SHALL BE FILLED WITH STARS"
TWEE!

JOE PREP
BY JOHN HELDJR
GOOD BYE, OLD PAL. I HATE TO DO IT. BUT YOU MUST GO TO COLD STORAGE I'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE HOT PASH FOR THE PARTY TONIGHT. AND I MUST NEEDS JACK FOR TICKETS!
I WILL LEAVE YOU IN CARE OF UNCLE FOR A FEW DAYS!
MONEY LOANED SEE ME FIRST
AHA! HEREWITH IS THE WHERE-WITH. AND NOW TO BUY THE TICKETS!
MONE
LOAN
LETS GO BABY! I HAVE THE PASTEBOARDS AND A FEW FLOWERS FOR YOU! SO ON TO THE DANCE!
ISN'T THIS FIRST DANCE MINE?
NO! OUT SIDE FROSH!
BUT PEGGY. AREN'T YOU GOING TO DANCE WITH ME, AT ALL?
OH. IM SORRY JOE, BUT MY CARD HAS BEEN FILLED FOR A WEEK!
AFTER ALL, A MAN'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS SAXOPHONE!

Merely Margy

Registered U. S. Patent Office

HEY, BUNCH! I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING THAT MEANS A LOT TO THE ALL OF US. ITS A PLACE THAT WE ALL HOLD DEAR!
IT MUST BE IMPORTANT IF YOU REMEMBER IT!
AWRIGHT LESGO!
NOW IF YOU WILL ALL STEP INTO MY OFFICE I'LL RIDE YOU TO THIS PLACE THAT IS HIGH IN ALL OUR MEMORIES. THIS BUS MAY LACK IN HORSE POWER, BUT IT'S WILLING!
HEY, STAY ON THE ROAD!
ARAB, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ON THE ROAD? WE SEEM TO BE GOING CROSS COUNTRY
YEH THIS BOULEVARD MUST HAVE WASHED OUT LAST SUMMER!
I WAS AFRAID THE OLD CAN COULDN'T STAND IT. WE'RE ON OUR LAST LEGS!
COME ON! FEET WERE MADE BEFORE MOTORS! WE WILL HAVE TO HOOF IT THE REST OF THE WAY AND IF YOU AREN'T PLEASED YOU CAN HAVE YOUR MONEY BACK!
ARAB, IS IT ALL UP HILL?
FOLLOW ME. I WILL LEAD YOU TO THE PROMISED LAND AND I ALWAYS KEEP A PROMISE!
PARTLY UP-HILL AND PARTLY DOWN, BUT WHEN YOU SEE WHERE-TO I'M LEADING YOU IT WILL DO YOUR HEARTS GOOD!
THIS IS A SENIMENTAL JOURNEY!
YOU ARE FULL OF SENTIMENT BUT MY SHOES ARE FULL OF SAND!
HERE WE ARE AT LAST! THE VERY PLACE! DOESN'T IT OPEN UP THE SWEET PAST TO YOU ALL?
ARAB, THIS SPOT MEANS NOTHING IN MY YOUNG LIFE, I DONT EVER REMEMBER BEING HERE! IT'S ALL BLANK TO ME!
MARGY, IT WAS UNDER THAT TREE THAT YOU PLEDGED YOUR TROTH TO ALL OF US!
I DONT SEE WHY THEY SHOULD WANT TO THROW ME OVER THAT CLIFF!
11-17

JOE PREP
By JOHN HELD Jr.
HEH, PEGGY, HOW ABOUT GOING ON A BIT OF A SKATE WITH OLD JOE?
I'D LOVE IT, JOE!
THE FIRST ICE OF THE WINTER, AND IT'S PERFECT SMOOTH AS A BOOK AGENT!
THIS IS WONDERFUL, JOE, I WISH I COULD SKATE BACKWARDS!
POO! SKATING BACKWARDS IS EASY!
BABY, I COULD TEACH YOU TO SKATE BACKWARDS IN A JIFFY!
OH-OH! LOOK OUT!
NOW YOU JUST KEEP THE EYE ON LITTLE JOE!
DANGER
DANGER
THAT WAS INDEED A SURPRISE! SOMEONE HAD MOVED THE SIGN FOR A JOKE!
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Merely Margy

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

THE FRAT IS GIVING THE ANNUAL MASKED BALL TOMORROW NIGHT. OHOH!. I WISH I KNEW WHAT MARGY WAS GOING AS!
ΦBK
Fancy Dress
COSTUME
IF SAVING A HUMAN LIFE MEANS ANYTHING TO YOU, TELL ME WHAT ROLE YOU'LL DAZZLE THEM WITH AT THE MASKED BALL?
I PROMISED NOT TO REVEAL MY SECRET TO A HUMAN BEING—SO LISTEN!
ΦBK
JULIET! OH THAT'S SWELL! SHAKESPERE HAD YOU IN MIND WHEN HE WROTE THE PART!
YES, I'LL IMPERSONATE JULIET. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE? THE FOUR HORSEMEN, OR CUSTERS LAST FIGHT.
ΦBK
HEY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY GOING AS "ALEXANDER THE GREAT." I DON'T MEAN THE BASE BALL PITCHER!
1934
SO YOU'RE GOING OUT TO CONQUER THE WORLD? I'M GOING TO BE JULIET! THE GIRL THAT MADE THE BALCONY FAMOUS!
ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND COLLEGE, BRAINS AND BRIBERY WIN. A BOX OF CANDY, AND MARGY'S SMALL SISTER CONFESSED ALL! MARGY IS GOING AS JULIET! I'LL JUST TRY ON THIS ROMEO COSTUME NOW!
IT'S WONDERFUL! MARGY!
OH!
YOU LOOK JUST TOO DARLING!
BEAUTIFUL!
ROMEO, ROMEO! WHERE ART THOU? NECKING
THE WIG WILL COST FIFTY CENTS EXTRA!
SOLD! AND WHO HARMS A HAIR IN THIS BLONDE WIG, DIES LIKE A DOG, MARCH ON, HE SAID!
YOU BET I'LL TRY 'EM ON, LAST YEAR I HAD A SUIT THAT WOULD FIT ANYBODY'S ELEPHANT!
1934
—I SELDOM HAVE TO CARRY MY LAUNDRY,—BUT MY WASHLADY HAS THE MUMPS OR SOMETHING!
OH, YEH! SAME WAY WITH ME!
WHEN MARGY STARTS TO RAVE ABOUT MY COSTUME, THE BUNCH WILL SEE THAT IT PAYS TO THINK!
HEY, HEY, AND WHEN WE UNMASK, AND SHE SEES THAT I AM HER ROMEO, IT WILL BE A BIG SURPRISE TO HER!
11-24
?
?
I DIDN'T KNOW ROMEO HAD ANY BROTHERS!

JOE PREP
BY JOHN HELDJR
HERE IT IS A DEEP NIGHT AND ME WITH NO ENGAGMENT. ALL THE BABIES HAVE RED ANTS TONIGHT!
AHA, THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL. I'LL TRY ANYTHING AT LEAST ONCE!
call Main 4800 for your number being up.
MAIN 4800, OH, HELLO, WHO IS THIS?
OH, HELLO, THIS IS ELEANOR WHO IS THIS?
OH, MAMA WHAT A BEAUTIFUL VOICE! SHE MUST BE A PEACH
THIS IS OLD JOE PREP!
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET ME AND SIT OUT A FEW DANCES? WEAR A ROSE SO I WILL KNOW YOU!
OH, I'D LOVE IT, JOE!
ANY GIRL WITH SUCH A MUSICAL VOICE, COULDN'T HELP BEING BEAUTIFUL! I'LL BET THAT SHE IS LOVELY!
HELLO, JOE. I'M ELEANOR!
OOP! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!
THERE IS NO DATE SO BLIND AS A DATE YOU CAN'T SEE!

Merely Margy

Registered U. S. Patent Office

NOW THERE'S A BOOK THATS WIDER THAN THE FIVE-FOOT SHELF. SMILE AT TROUBLE, LAUGH AT MISFORTUNE. AND THE WORLD IS YOUR OYSTER!
EXIT
KEEP OFF THE GRASS
I FEEL SO GOOD, I COULD LAUGH WITH AN ATTACK OF LOCK-JAW. I HAVE SO MUCH GOOD LUCK I COULD MAKE A MILLION SELLING IT TO POOR UNLUCKY SAPS!
BUDUT-T-DUT BUDUT-T-DUT
YO-DO-DE O-DOE-
OH, WHAT A DAY IS THIS! AND WHAT A GIRL IS MARGY. AND WHAT A BOY AM I. PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER THAT SPELLS PARADISE!
OOP! HOLD EVERYTHING!
SMILE! THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING!
OOP! PARDON! SORRY!
YOU DON'T LOOK SORRY. I COULD SLAP THAT SMILE FROM YOUR FACE!
THE TOME SAYS, "ONLY BABIES CRY AT MISHAPS. BUT THE STRONG MAN GREETS MISFORTUNE WITH UNFAILING CHEERFULNESS" HA HA AND LIKEWISE HO HO!
YOHO! I'M CERTANLY GLAD MY HEAD ISN'T UNDER THAT HAT NOW!
HEH! YOU FATHEAD!
NO, I WON'T LOSE MY TEMPER. I STILL HAVE MY HEALTH, MARGY, AND THE ABILITY TO SMILE!
IN ANY EMERGENCY, DON'T LOSE YOUR SMILE"
WHY, ARAB? WHAT'S THE MATTER? HAVE YOU BEEN FIGHTING?
HOHO!
WE WON'T DETAIN YOU, I'M SURE YOU WILL WANT TO HURRY HOME AND CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES!
HO HO HAHAHA HO HO!
SMILE! GRIN! IMITATE A LAUGHING JACKASS" FROM NOW ON I'M OLD MAN BLUES IN PERSON!

JOE PREP
BY JOHN HELD JR
JOE, I'M TIRED OF DANCING. LETS FIND A QUIET PLACE AND WATCH THE SHOOTING STARS SHOOT'
YOU ARE A WOMAN WITH WONDERFUL IDEAS, AND I, JOE, KNOW THE VERY PLACE'
TAKEN' BUT DONT WEAKEN, DABY. I KNOW EVERY PL... IN THE CA... US! FOL..W ME'
I'M TIRED OF WALKING. LETS GO BACK TO THE DANCING'
OH, PLEASE, I KNOW A COZY CORNER THAT'S ALWAYS AS EMPTY AS A FRESHMAN'S HEAD'
YOU'LL HAVE TO CONTINUE YOUR CROSS-COUNTRY TOUR ALONE' GOOD-BYE'
ALL ALONE. I'M ALL ALONE'
ITS A WISE CHILD THAT CAN FIND A PARKING PLACE'

Merely Margy

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JUST A SALAD AND A POT OF TEA, PLEASE'
WHAT' NO FRIED CHICKEN?
I'M ON A DIET. HENCEFORTH AND FOREVER, FROM NOW ON, NO SWEETS OR STARCHES'
BUT, MARGY, YOU'RE NOT TOO FAT'
?
I REALLY MEAN IT. WE ALL EAT TOO MUCH, ARA.. EATS MORE THAN HE SHOULD, AND YOU, BULL, WHEN YOU SIT AT TABLE ITS LIKE FEEDING TIME AT THE ZOO'
OH' MARGY'
YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, MARGY! HURRAH FOR SPINACH'
BEAUTY PLUS BRAINS THAT'S YOU, BABY'
OF COURSE, I'M RIGHT'
PLEASE DONT TEMPT ME, MOM. JUST A COUPLE OF LEAVES OF LETTUCE, A GLASS OF WEAK WATER'
WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER, SON? I'VE COOKED DUMPLINGS'
BOY THEY SMELL GOOD' LET'S EAT' LET'S EAT'
THE ONLY PART OF ONE OF THEM I CAN EAT IS THE TAIL
BARK' I'M A VEGETARIAN'
ALL HOTS
TRY ONE WITH A TOASTED ROLL
GET THEE BEHIND ME, APPETITE' MARGY SAYS DIET, AND DIET IT IS, EVEN IF IT BORES ME TO TEARS'
RESTAURA
OPEN ALL NIGHT
TWO MORE POUNDS GONE FOREVER' SLOW, BUT SURE
18 DAYS OF TORTURE, BUT I'D GO THROUGH FIRE FOR MARGY' LOVE IS WONDERFUL'
MAX'S DELUXE LUNCH WAGON
18 DAYS AND 18 HOLES IN MY BELT. OHGOSHOHGOSH I DREAM ABOUT FOOD, AND EVERY WAY I TURN A CAFE' LOOMS BEFORE MY EYES! OH'
WHAT'S WRONG, BULL? YOU LOOK AS PALE AS A GLASS OF BOARDING-HOUSE MILK'
YEAH, JUST TAKE A LOOK AT YOURSELF, YOU LOOK LIKE THE GHOST OF A WATER LILY'
12-8
!
OH, BOYS I FORGOT TO TELL YOU I DECIDED NOT TO GO ON THAT OLD DIET'
OFFICER, ARE THOSE TWO BOYS OVER THERE ACTUALLY EATING GRASS?
YES, MA'AM, JUST A COLLEGIATE PRANK, I FANCY'
KEEP OFF THE GRASS

JOE PREP
BY JOSH HELD JR
PART OF MY INITIATION IS TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN THAT HAUNTED HOUSE! BR-R-R'
THIS IS 1929 A.D. AND THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS. BUT THIS PLACE DOES FEEL CREEPY
OO! I HEAR SOMETHING MOVING!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
THERE HE IS! I SAW HIM BREAKING IN THE WINDOW!
B-B-BUT-
HE DON'T LOOK LIKE A BURGLAR, I GUESS HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH WHEN HE SAYS HE THOUGHT HE WAS IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE DOWN THE ROAD, WE'LL LET HIM GO
I'M CURED, NOW I COULD SLEEP IN A GRAVE-YARD AND LIKE IT!

Merely Margy

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I'M SORRY, ARAB BUT I DON'T KNOW WHEN I WILL BE ABLE TO SEE YOU - NO, IT ISN'T ANYTHING - I'M JUST TERRIBLY, TERRIBLY BUSY - GOOD-BYE!
DID YOU HEAR HOW I BEGGED MARGY FOR A DATE AND ALL SHE COULD SAY WAS NO!
HEY, LET ME TALK TO HER I'LL ASK HER
I SAID NO! AND LISTEN BULL, THAT'S MY STORY AND I'M GOING TO STICK TO IT!
NO USE. SHE'S COLDER THAN A ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR!
SHE TURNED ME DOWN FLAT, AS FLAT
I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG
I'VE GOT AN IDEA
I THINK SHE'S GIVING US THE HIGH-HAT!
WE'LL GIVE HER SOME ABSENT TREATMENT!
LET'S GO ON A LOVE STRIKE!
RESOLVED, THAT THE UNDERSIGNED SHALL CEASE TO SPEAK, WRITE TO, OR THINK OF THE AFORESAID MARGY, UNTIL SHE SHOWS PROPER APPRECIATION OF OUR TRUE WORTH AND VALUE!
SIGNED Arab
BULL X HIS MARK
NOW, THAT'S RIGHT TO THE PERNT
WE HAVE ALL KEPT OUR PROMISE NOT TO SEE MARGY FOR A WEEK!
AND, BOY, IT SEEMS LIKE SEVEN YEARS
I CAN'T HOLD OUT ANY LONGER, I'VE GOT TO SEE HER!
I CAN'T STAND IT ANOTHER MINUTE. LIFE ISN'T WORTH LIVING WITHOUT THAT SWEET BABY!
WE WILL JUST BARGE OVER AND SEE HER, EVEN HER ANGER WILL BE SWEET!
RIGHT OR WRONG, I STILL LOVE MARGY!
I HOPE SHE HASN'T FALLEN IN LOVE!
SHE MAY BE SORE BECAUSE WE HAVE KEPT AWAY FOR A WHOLE WEEK!
OH, HELLO, BOYS, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU. I'VE BEEN AWAY AT A HOUSE PARTY FOR THE LAST WEEK!
LET'S THROW HIM OFF FROM THE HIGH PART OF THE BRIDGE!
HEH, LISTEN! YOU THOUGHT IT WAS A SWELL IDEA AT THE TIME
YEAH! THE WATER IS MUCH DEEPER THERE!
12-15

JOE PREP
BY JOHN HELDER
NO CHECK FROM DAD THIS WEEK, AND I'VE GOT A HOT DATE TO TAKE PEGGY TO A SHOW AND AM I BROKE!
ARE YOU SURE THERE'S NO LETTER?
POST OFFICE
NOT EVEN A POST-CARD'
IF MEMORY SERVES ME RIGHT, BUCK OWES ME TEN SMACKERS, HO! NOW TO FORECLOSE THE MORTGAGE'
I'M SORRY JOE, BUT I AM AS FLAT AS A SNAKE'S HIPS'
I LOANED SLIM FIVE, MAYBE HE'LL SAVE MY LIFE'
I KNOW IT'S TOUGH, JOE, BUT MY POCKETS ARE ALL SHRUNK UP WITH EMPTINESS'
I'LL TAKE A QUARTER ON ACCOUNT
I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A NICKEL TO CALL UP AND CALL OFF MY DATE. OH, WOE IS ME! WHOA!
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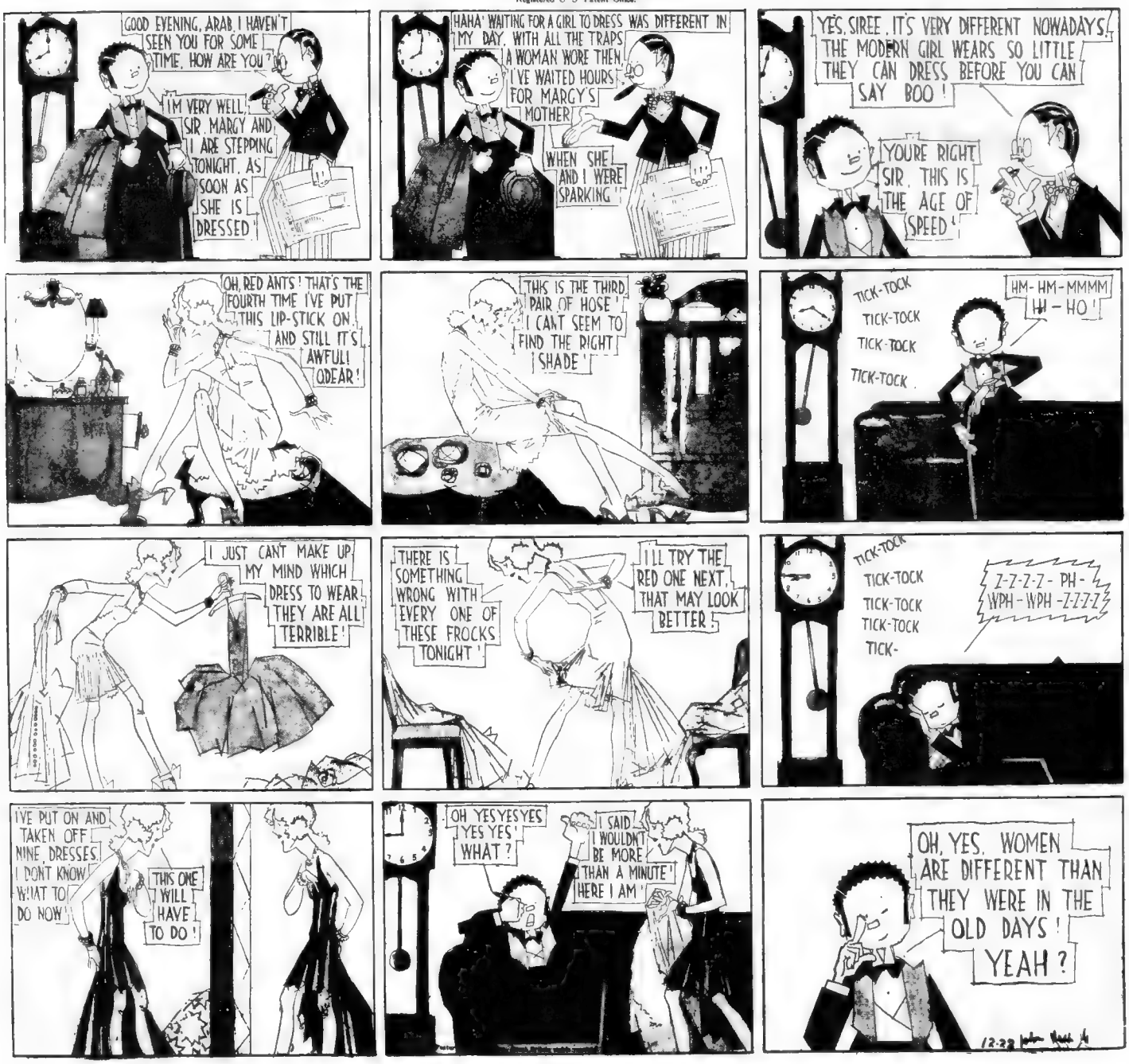
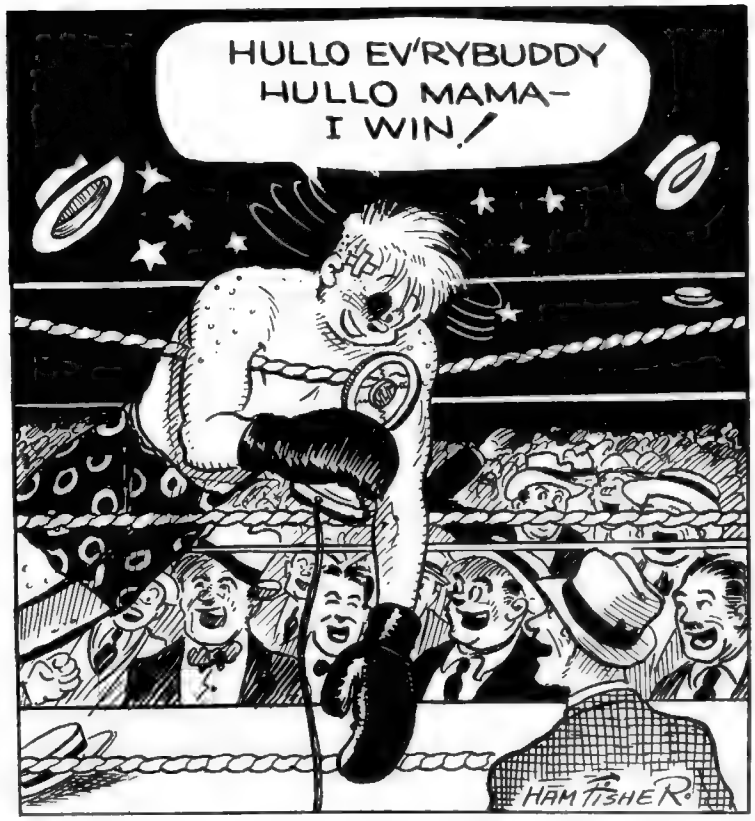
Merely Margy

Registered U S Patent Office.


GOOD EVENING, ARAB, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR SOME TIME. HOW ARE YOU?
I'M VERY WELL, SIR. MARGY AND I ARE STEPPING TONIGHT, AS SOON AS SHE IS DRESSED'
HAHA' WAITING FOR A GIRL TO DRESS WAS DIFFERENT IN MY DAY, WITH ALL THE TRAPS A WOMAN WORE THEN. I'VE WAITED HOURS FOR MARGY'S MOTHER
WHEN SHE AND I WERE SPARKING'
YES, SIREE, IT'S VERY DIFFERENT NOWADAYS. THE MODERN GIRL WEARS SO LITTLE THEY CAN DRESS BEFORE YOU CAN SAY BOO!
YOU'RE RIGHT SIR. THIS IS THE AGE OF SPEED'
OH, RED ANTS! THAT'S THE FOURTH TIME I'VE PUT THIS LIP-STICK ON AND STILL IT'S AWFUL! QDEAR'
THIS IS THE THIRD PAIR OF HOSE' I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND THE RIGHT SHADE'
TICK-TOCK
TICK-TOCK
TICK-TOCK
TICK-TOCK
HM-HM-MMMM HI-HO!
I JUST CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND WHICH DRESS TO WEAR THEY ARE ALL TERRIBLE'
THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH EVERY ONE OF THESE FROCKS TONIGHT'
I'LL TRY THE RED ONE NEXT, THAT MAY LOOK BETTER!
TICK-TOCK
TICK-TOCK
TICK-TOCK
TICK-
Z-Z-Z-Z- PH- WPH-WPH-Z-Z-Z-Z
I'VE PUT ON AND TAKEN OFF NINE DRESSES. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO NOW
THIS ONE WILL HAVE TO DO!
OH YES YES YES YES YES' WHAT?
I SAID I WOULDN'T BE MORE THAN A MINUTE' HERE I AM'
OH, YES. WOMEN ARE DIFFERENT THAN THEY WERE IN THE OLD DAYS! YEAH?
12-22

Joe Palooka Retains The Title!



A memorable strip, and one that ran for more than 55 years, was Ham Fisher's boxing strip *Joe Palooka*. Many readers remember it from its vintage period as a strip heavy with maudlin melodrama, liberal polemics, and a strange mixture of fistfights, sentimentality, and preaching. Fisher also name-dropped frequently throughout the strip, with his principal characters referring to celebrity friends—and often showing them at ringside during prize fights.

Part of the strip's appeal in its heyday was supplied by the fine hands of ghost artists like Al Capp (who created the hillbilly character Big Leviticus that was the prototype for his own Li'l Abner) and Moe Leff. It is widely reported that Fisher had little ability himself as a cartoonist and so relied on assistants.

But even earlier, *Palooka* had a surprising identity apart from all these later factors. It began (in 1928) as a humor-adventure strip, and its hero was an absolute idiot; Palooka was (predictably) a dumb palooka in the fight game whose safety and solvency depended upon the perfervid manager Knobby Walsh. It was actually a strip of great fun and vitality, bearing marginal resemblance to its later incarnation.

Its debut in newspapers was due in a personal way to Fisher himself. McNaught Syndicate was reluctant to take on the feature (boxing had negative connotations to many readers, and the strip's art was not wholly professional) but Fisher offered to travel the country and sell it by himself to editors. McNaught agreed, with an additional assignment—that Fisher try to re-sell *Dixie Dugan* (né *Show Girl*), a stylish strip by McEvoy and Striebel that was languishing in the basement of sales charts. Fisher convinced about 40 editors to buy *Dixie*, a few to reserve *Palooka*, but—most importantly—he convinced the syndicate to commit itself to his new boxing strip.

The following story, introduced by Ham Fisher, is from 1933, and recounts Palooka's rescue from a desert island, his defense of his boxing title, and his centerpiece service in a Broadway tickertape parade. Already the later flavor of the strip is becoming evident: Fisher includes New York City's jaunty mayor Jimmy Walker in a cameo appearance.

—REM

After winning the heavyweight championship of the world (in which he was used as a set-up and accidentally knocked out the title holder), Joe fought all the contenders and was taken up by society. He met a lovely debutante named Ann Howe and, in spite of her beauty, charm and culture, she fell for Joe—and how! Joe, not knowing what was the matter with him, was also in love with her.

Between fights, he and his clever (?) manager, Knobby Walsh, accepted an invitation for a cruise on a yacht belonging to Ann's uncle. The yacht was wrecked and we find our friends on a desert island with nothing in view but trouble and Joe's championship in danger of forfeit. ***—HAM FISHER***

GLOOM
DESPAIR! POOR KNOBBY IS TAKING HIS SITUATION PRETTY HARD. THE CHAMPIONSHIP IS IN JEOPARDY!
WHEN SUDDENLY—THE MOST WELCOME SIGHT GREETS HIS EYES—
GEE WHIZ—HO-LEE SMOKE—OH BOY COME TO PAPA!
THE CURRENT HAS CARRIED A BOX OF REAL HAVANAS ASHORE FROM THE WRECK.
JIST ONE PUFF?
NOT EVEN THAT!
WELL WHAT ARE YA STILL HANGIN' AROUN' FER?
THE SNIPE WHEN YA THROW IT AWAY!
HAW HAW—SCRAM!! THEY AINT GONNA BE NO SNIPES! I'LL MAKE ME A PIPE OUTTA BAMBOO AN' SMOKE EVERY SPECK A TOBACCO!
JIST A PUNK!
HAM FISHER

I'D JUST LIKE TO KNOW WHO'S BEEN EATING OUR MEAT SUPPLY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. IT'S HALF GONE!!
IT WEREN'T I
S'HELP ME I DIDN'T!
I SAY CONNIE— YOU DON'T SUSPECT ME?
EEEEE LOOK!
GIANT FOOTPRINTS! GOOD HEAVENS! THERE MUST BE SAVAGES ON THE ISLAND.
W-W-W-WE B-B-BETTER H-H-HAVE J-J-JOE P-P-PATROL A-A-AROUN' T-T-TH' C-C-C-CAMP T-T-T'NIGHT.
WHY DON'T YOU DO IT YOURSELF, KNOBBY?
HAM FISHER
WHILE HIS COMPANIONS ARE IN FITFUL SLUMBER, JOE IS LEFT TO GUARD THE CAMP AGAINST SURPRISE ATTACK.
HO HUM I'M GETTIN' SLEEPY SITTIN' HERE. GUESS I'LL GET UP AN' LOOK AROUN'.
McNaught Syndicate, Inc., N Y
GOLLY IT'S DARK LIKE EVERYTHING.
OOF!
SOCK
OH LAWDY-LAWDY- I'SE KILT!
FER GOODNESS SAKE— SMOKEY!
HAM FISHER
MIST' JOE- BEFOH YO ALL COME ON DE ILAM AH USE TA MUSE MASEHF BY SLIDIN' DOWN A BIG ROCK OVAH YONDAH INTO D'WATAH. IT'S JES LIKE A SHOOT D' SHOOT, AH MEAN!
OH BOY- AIN'T THAT SWELL? TAKE US OVER WILL YA SMOKEY?
C'MON JEREMIAH!
AND SO FOR SEVERAL HOURS THE BOYS DISPORTED THEMSELVES UNTIL SUDDENLY
HEY JOE— TH' SEAT OF YER P'JAMMY'S GIVE OUT!
WHEEEE
WE GOTTA DO SOMEPTHIN FER 'IM.
AH GOT A IDEE MIST' JER'MIAH— YO ALL FOLLA ME IN DOSE BUSHES.
YOU GOTTA GO BACK T'CAMP. D'YA WANT EVERYBODY T'BE WORRIED ABOUT CHA?
I TELL YA I JIST CAN'T GO.
HOL' STILL MIST' JOE AN AH'LL HAVE YO ALL SET IN A JIFFY!
HAM FISHER
BOY- YA LOOK TH' NERTZ- NO KIDDIN'!
PON MAH SOUL, DAT'S EZZACKLY LIKE D'MEN ALL WEAR IN DE HIGHWAY'AN ILAMS.
WHAT'S TH' IDEA MUH— WHAT'S TH' BIG IDEA?
MIST' JOE DONE LOS' D' SEAT FUM HIS P'JAMAS.
LADEEZ AN GENTS— INTRADUCIN' TH' HOOLA HOOLA MARVEL IKKY WIKKY PALOOKY— SHE WILL NOW DO HER DANCE.
OH- IZZAT SO!
H'LO FOLKS.
COULDN'T YA EVEN LET A GUY KEEP HIS UNDERWEAR?
HAM FISHER
LISTEN CAREFUL AT WHAT I'M TELLIN' YOUSE MUGS! WE'RE GONNA START TRAININ' RIGHT NOW FER TH' FIGHT!
WHAT FIGHT?
TH' STRIPLIN FIGHT YOU SAP!
NOW GIT THIS— LAST NIGHT WE SAW TH' LIGHTS OF A SHIP PASSIN' WAY OUT AT SEA. WE'SE LIGHTIN' BEACON FIRES, ME AN' HARDTACK. FIGGER THERE'S A CHANCET A BEIN' PICKED UP.
THA'S RIGHT! I FERGOT.
JEREMIAH AN' SMOKEY, YOUSE TWO WILL ACT AS JOE'S TRAINERS. HERE'S TH' ORDERS FER T'DAY— RUN ALL TH' WAY 'ROUND TH' ISLAND ON TH' BEACH, AN ON TH' WAY IN CHOP DOWN SOME TREES FER BEACON FIRES, AN THEN YOU GUYS'LL SPAR WITH JOE!
SEZ YOU!
VASSAH.
SCRAM- STEP ON IT!
AN' ME ON ME VACATION- WHATTA WOILD, WHATTA WOILD!
VASSAH.

THE CONSTANT BEATING OF WAVES AND TIDE HAS UNCOVERED AN OBJECT WHICH HAD LAIN BURIED MANY CENTURIES. WITH GREAT INDUSTRY THE BOYS HAVE BROUGHT IT FORTH.
I'M GETTIN' MORE QUIOUSER EVERY MINUTE.
ONE GOOD SMACK'LL BUST THEM RUSTY LOCKS.
SHUCKS! WISHT IT WAS A CASE OF POHK AN BEANS.
POILS! I'LL BET THEY'RE PHONEY!
IS THIS A BRAYSLIT, ER A WATCH FOG?
YA DON'T S'POSE ANYBODY'D BE SAP ENOUGH T'LEAVE REAL JOOL'RY HERE DO YA?
EVEN IF T'WASN'T IMTASHIN- DEY AIN'T NO HOCK SHOP ON D' ILAM ANAWAY!
LOOKA HERE! UNDER THE JOOL'RY IS LOTS OF THESE MONEY.
BLESS MAH SOUL- GOL' DOLLAHS!
LEMME BITE ON THAT THING I'LL TELL YA IF IT'S COUNDERFEET.
ED. NOTE SPANISH DOUBLOON. THE VALUE OF ONE DOUBLOON IS APPROXIMATELY EIGHT U.S. DOLLARS. MILLIONS OF THEM BURIED BY PIRATES ARE STILL TO BE FOUND. (TRY AND DO IT.)
WHUF! WE ALL MILLYUMAIHS. WHEN AH GITS T'HARLEM GONNA PUT ON D' DAWG!
YOU BOYS KIN HAVE THE MONEY, I DON' NEED IT. KNOBBY AN ME GOT ALL WE WANT.
FER GOSH SAKE LOOK!
1765! THEY'RE WOITHLESS! THEY'RE WAY OUTA DATE!!
AINT THAT A SHAME. TCH-TCH'
DAWGGONE!
AS LONG AS THEM COINS ARE OUTA DATE- AN BESIDES WE COULDN'T SPEND 'EM ANYWAY- WE MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE 'EM HERE.
LE'S SKIP 'EM ON D' WATAH?
THA'S A ELEGUNT IDEA.
THEY DON'T SKIP VERY WELL- TOO HEAVY.
I'M GONNA TAKE SOME A THAT JOOL'RY BACK T' MISS HOWE.
AH SPEC' SOME A DEM YALLA CUPS AN PITCHAHS MIGHTEN BE HANDY AT CAMP.
HEY YOU SAPS! WHERE YA BEEN? DIDN'T I TELL YA T'KEEP RUNNIN'. WHATCHA DOIN?
DIAMONS- PEARLS- GOLD!! W-W-WHERE D-D-DID YA F-F-FIND IT???
WE HAD ABOUT A MILLYUN A THESE YELLA HALF DOLLARS TOO KNOBBY, BUT WE THREW 'EM AWAY 'CAUSE THEY WAS OUTA DATE.
HE MUSTA SUDDENLY GOT A FEVER!
MILLIONS! THEY THREW 'EM AWAY- WHOOPEE! I'M A POLYWOG- MOTHER PIN A ROSE ON ME.
YASSAH
TCH- TCH!
HEY LOOKIT! HEY A SHIP!!
MY GOODNESS!
AHOY THERE!
BLESS MAH SOUL! ITS DEM BOOTLEGGAHS WHUT MACCAROONED ME HEAH!
SOMEBODY'S GONNA GIT HOITED!!
QUIET EVERYBODY! THEY'RE A BAD LOOKING LOT.
WHO ARE YA? WHAT ARE YA DOIN' HERE?
GOR BLI ME CAP- LOOK AT TH' BLINKIN JOOLS!
FILL THEM WATER CASKS, BON BON!
SI SENOR!
PUT ALL THEM JOOLS IN THE CHEST! WE KIN USE 'EM BETTER AS YOU! AN YOU MONEY- I MEANS THE PRETTY LITTLE BLONDE - YOU'RE GOIN' WITH US TOO!! DON'T BE SCARED BABY.
JOE DEAR, DON'T— THEY HAVE GUNS, THEY'LL KILL YOU!
LEMME AT 'EM- LEMME AT 'EM!
CAPN SUH- AH SHO IS ANXIOUS T'GIT BACK WID YO ALL! AINT NOTHIN' AH CRAVES MO' DEN T'BE A HIGH GRADE RUM RUNNAH!
I GUESS YOU LEARNT A LESSON! TAKE THIS GUN AND GUARD THEM PEOPLE WHILE WE LOAD THE BOAT!
I NEVER WOULD A THINKED THAT A SMOKEY!
STAN' BACK! FUST ONE MOVES GITS A LIL LEAD PILL IN 'IM! YO WOULD MAKE ME. WUHK EH? WELL IT'S DIFF'UNT NOW! I'SE SMOKEY D' RUM RUNNAH!
'ES A 'OT SKETCH THAT SMOKEY. IM THINKIN' 'ES FERGOT IS BLINKIN' SCRUPLES.
I WUNST KNOWED A HIJACKER WOT WAS SO PIOUS WE CALLED 'IM 'IH' DEACON.
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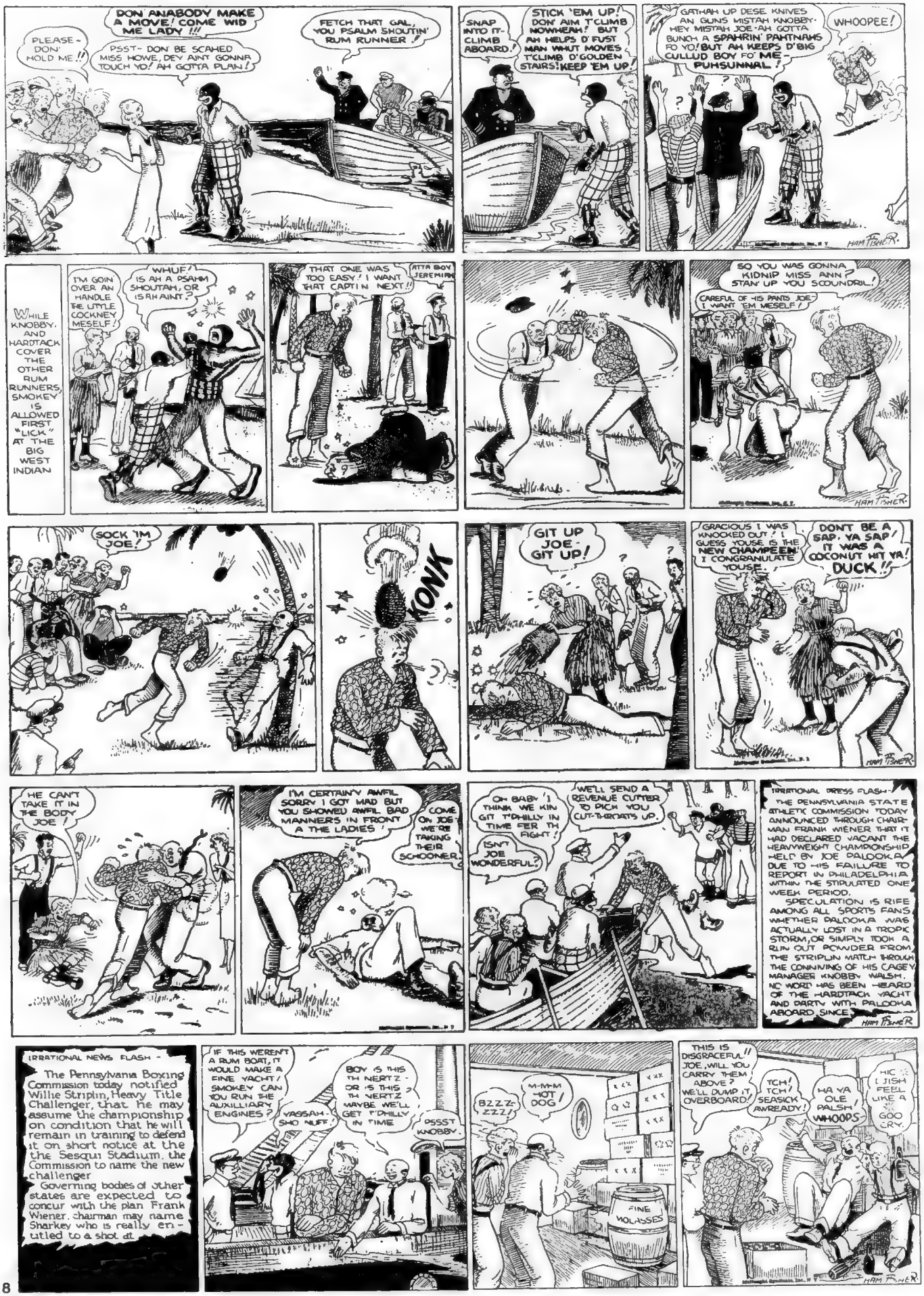
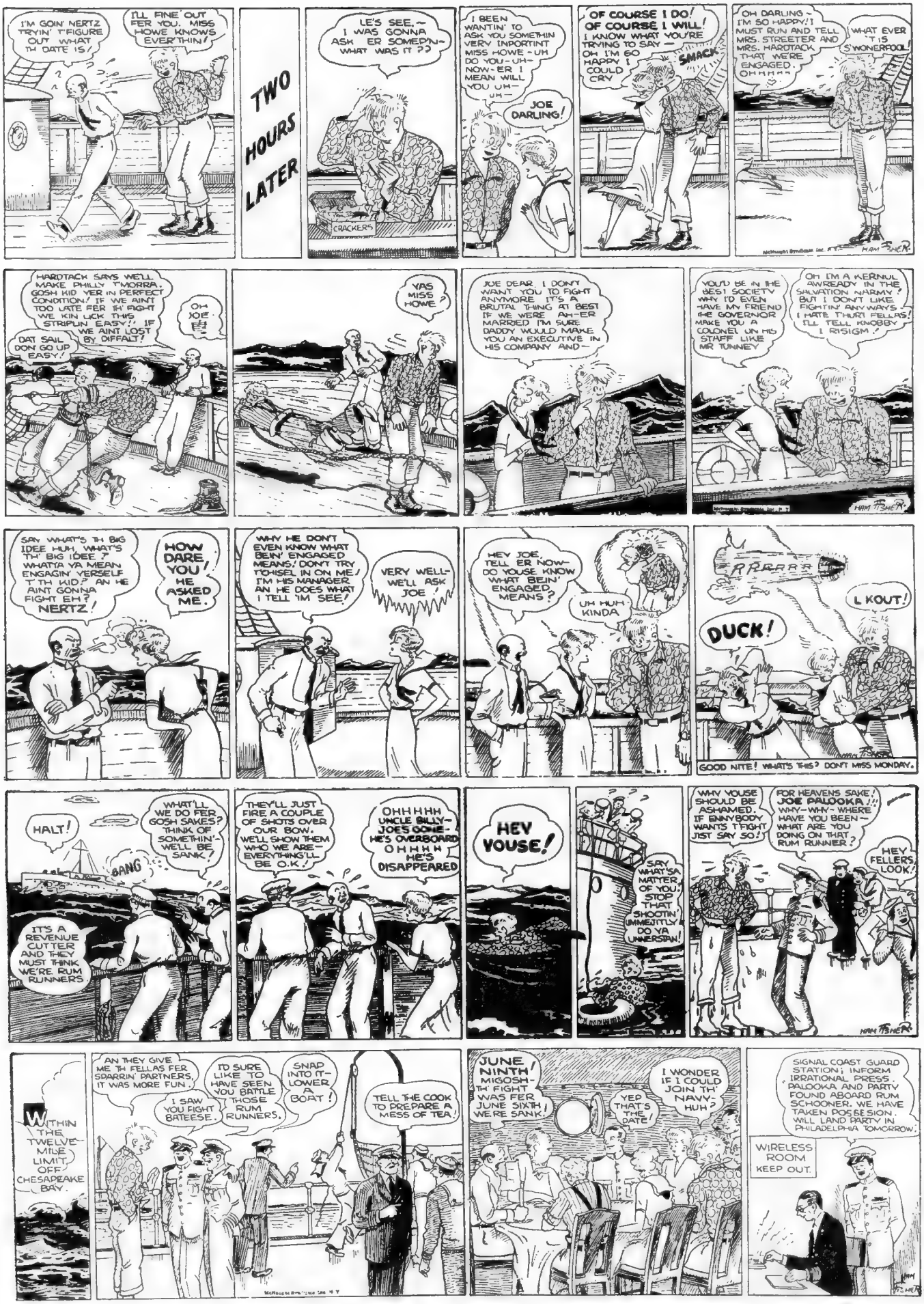
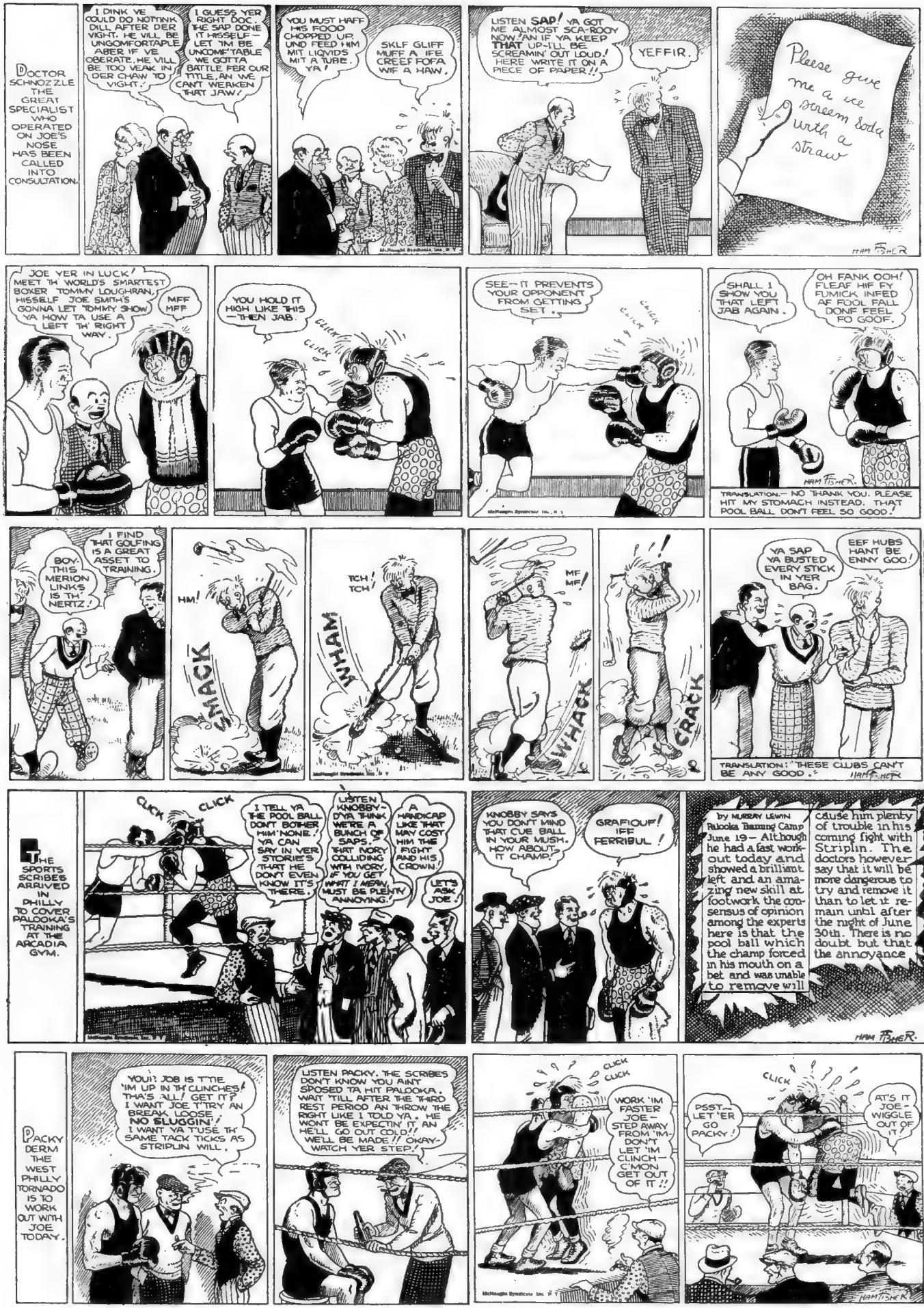
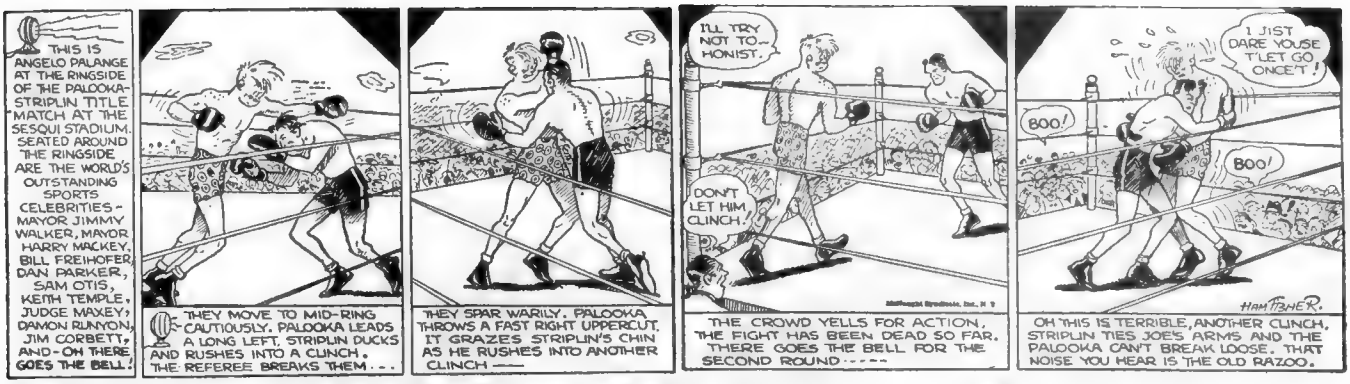

DON ANABODY MAKE A MOVE! COME WID ME LADY!!!
PLEASE - DON' HOLD ME!!
PSST - DON' BE SCAHED MISS HOWE, DEY AIN' GONNA TOUCH YO! AH GOTTA PLAN!
FETCH THAT GAL, YOU PSALM SHOUTIN' RUM RUNNER!
SNAP INTO IT - CLIMB ABOARD!
STICK 'EM UP! DON' AIM T'CLIMB NOWHERE! BUT AH HELPS D'FUST MAN WHUT MOVES T'CLIMB D'GOLDEN STAIRS! KEEP 'EM UP!
GATHAH UP DESE KNIVES AN GUNS MISTAH KNOBBY. HEY MISTAH JOE - AH GOTTA BUNCH A SPAHRIN' PAHTNAHS FO YO! BUT AH KEEPS D'BIG CULLUD BOY FO' ME - PUHSUNNAL!
WHOOPEE!
HAM FISHER
WHILE KNOBBY, AND HARDTACK COVER THE OTHER RUM RUNNERS, SMOKEY IS ALLOWED FIRST "LICK" AT THE BIG WEST INDIAN
I'M GOIN' OVER AN HANDLE THE UTTLE COCKNEY MESELF!
WHUF! IS AH A PSAHM SHOUTAH, OR IS AH AIN'?
THAT ONE WAS TOO EASY! I WANT THAT CAPT'N NEXT!!
ATTA BOY JEREMIAH
SO YOU WAS GONNA KIDNIP MISS ANN? STAN' UP YOU SCOUNDRIL!
CAREFUL OF HIS PANTS JOE! I WANT 'EM MESELF!
HAM FISHER
SOCK 'IM JOE!
KONK
GIT UP JOE - GIT UP!
GRACIOUS! I WAS KNOCKED OUT! I GUESS YOUSE IS THE NEW CHAMPEEN! I CONGRANULATE YOUSE.
DON'T BE A SAP, YA SAP! IT WAS A COCONUT HIT YA! DUCK!!
HAM FISHER
HE CAN'T TAKE IT IN THE BODY JOE!
I'M CERTAINY AWFIL SORRY I GOT MAD BUT YOU SHOWED AWFIL BAD MANNERS IN FRONT A THE LADIES!
COME ON JOE WE'RE TAKING THEIR SCHOONER.
OH BABY! I THINK WE KIN GIT T'PHILLY IN TIME FER TH FIGHT!
WE'LL SEND A REVENUE CUTTER TO PICK YOU CUT-THROATS UP.
ISN'T JOE WONDERFUL?
IRRATIONAL PRESS FLASH -
THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE ATHLETIC COMMISSION TODAY ANNOUNCED THROUGH CHAIRMAN FRANK WIENER THAT IT HAD DECLARED VACANT THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP HELD BY JOE PALOOKA, DUE TO HIS FAILURE TO REPORT IN PHILADELPHIA WITHIN THE STIPULATED ONE WEEK PERIOD.
SPECULATION IS RIFE AMONG ALL SPORTS FANS WHETHER PALOOKA WAS ACTUALLY LOST IN A TROPIC STORM, OR SIMPLY TOOK A RUN OUT POWDER FROM THE STRIPLIN MATCH THROUGH THE CONNIVING OF HIS CAGEY MANAGER KNOBBY WALSH. NO WORD HAS BEEN HEARD OF THE HARDTACK YACHT AND PARTY WITH PALOOKA ABOARD SINCE.
HAM FISHER
IRRATIONAL NEWS FLASH -
The Pennsylvania Boxing Commission today notified Willie Striplin, Heavy Title Challenger, that he may assume the championship on condition that he will remain in training to defend it on short notice at the the Sesqui Stadium, the Commission to name the new challenger
Governing bodies of other states are expected to concur with the plan Frank Wiener, chairman may name Sharkey who is really entitled to a shot at.
IF THIS WEREN'T A RUM BOAT, IT WOULD MAKE A FINE YACHT! SMOKEY CAN YOU RUN THE AUXILLIARY ENGINES?
YASSAH - SHO NUFF.
BOY IS THIS TH NERTZ - OR IS THIS TH NERTZ MAYBE WE'LL GET T'PHILLY IN TIME
PSSST KNOBBY.
BZZZ-ZZZ!
M-M-M HOT DOG!
FINE MOLASSES
THIS IS DISGRACEFUL!! JOE, WILL YOU CARRY THEM ABOVE? WE'LL DUMP IT OVERBOARD!
TCH! TCH! SEASICK AWREADY!
HA YA OLE PALSH, WHOOPS
HIC I WISH I FEEL LIKE A GOO CRY.
HAM FISHER


I'M GOIN' NERTZ TRYIN' T'FIGURE OUT WHAT TH DATE IS!
I'LL FINE OUT FER YOU. MISS HOWE KNOWS EVERTHIN!
TWO HOURS LATER
LE'S SEE,— I WAS GONNA ASK ER SOMEP'N— WHAT WAS IT??
CRACKERS
I BEEN WANTIN' TO ASK YOU SOMETHIN VERY INPORTINT MISS HOWE - UH DO YOU - UH- NOW - ER I MEAN WILL YOU UH— UH—
JOE DARLING!
OF COURSE I DO! OF COURSE I WILL! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO SAY — OH I'M SO HAPPY I COULD CRY
SMACK
OH DARLING - I'M SO HAPPY! I MUST RUN AND TELL MRS. STREETER AND MRS. HARDTACK THAT WE'RE ENGAGED. OHHHHH
WHAT EVER 'T IS S'WONERFOOL!
HARDTACK SAYS WE'LL MAKE PHILLY T'MORRA. GOSH KID YER IN PERFECT CONDITION! IF WE AIN'T TOO LATE FER TH' FIGHT WE KIN LICK THIS STRIPLIN EASY" IF WE AINT LOST BY DIFFALT!
OH JOE #!=-
DAT SAIL DON' GO UP EASY!
YAS MISS HOWE?
JOE DEAR, I DON'T WANT YOU TO FIGHT ANYMORE IT'S A BRUTAL THING AT BEST IF WE WERE AH-ER MARRIED I'M SURE DADDY WOULD MAKE YOU AN EXECUTIVE IN HIS COMPANY AND—
YOU'D BE IN THE BES! SOCIETY WHY I'D EVEN HAVE MY FRIEND THE GOVERNOR MAKE YOU A COLONEL ON HIS STAFF LIKE MR TUNNEY
OH I'M A KERNUL AWREADY IN THE SALVATION NARMY! BUT I DON'T LIKE FIGHTIN' ANY WAYS. I HATE T'HURT FELLAS! I'LL TELL KNOBBY I RISIGM.'
SAY WHAT'S TH BIG IDEE HUH, WHAT'S TH' BIG IDEE? WHATTA YA MEAN ENGAGIN' YERSELF T TH KID? AN HE AINT GONNA FIGHT EH?
NERTZ!
HOW DARE, YOU! HE ASKED ME.
WHY HE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT BEIN' ENGAGED MEANS! DON'T TRY T'CHISEL IN ON ME! I'M HIS MANAGER. AN HE DOES WHAT I TELL 'IM SEE!
VERY WELL- WE'LL ASK JOE!
HEY JOE, TELL ER NOW- DO YOUSE KNOW WHAT BEIN' ENGAGED MEANS?
UH HUH KINDA
RRRRRR
DUCK!
L KOUT!
GOOD NITE! WHAT'S THIS? DON'T MISS MONDAY.
HALT!
WHAT'LL WE DO FER GOSH SAKES? THINK OF SOMETHIN'- WE'LL BE SANK!
BANG
IT'S A REVENUE CUTTER AND THEY MUST THINK WE'RE RUM RUNNERS
THEY'LL JUST FIRE A COUPLE OF SHOTS OVER OUR BOW. WELL SHOW THEM WHO WE ARE— EVERYTHING'LL BE O.K.!
OHHHHH UNCLE BILLY- JOE'S OONE- HE'S OVERBOARD OHHHH HE'S DISAPPEARED
HEY VOUSE!
SAY WHAT'SA MATTER OF YOU. STOP THAT SHOOTIN' UMMEJITTLY DO YA UNNERSTAN!
WHY YOUSE SHOULD BE ASHAMED. IF ENNYBODY WANTS T'FIGHT JIST SAY SO!
FOR HEAVENS SAKE, JOE PALOOKA!!! WHY- WHY- WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN - WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THAT RUM RUNNER?
HEY FELLERS LOOK!
WITHIN THE TWELVE MILE LIMIT, OFF CHESAPEAKE BAY.
AN THEY GIVE ME TH FELLAS FER SPARRIN' PARTNERS, IT WAS MORE FUN.
I SAW YOU FIGHT BATEESE.
I'D SURE LIKE TO HAVE SEEN YOU BATTLE THOSE RUM RUNNERS.
SNAP INTO IT- LOWER A BOAT!
TELL THE COOK TO PREPARE A MESS OF TEA!
JUNE NINTH! MIGOSH- TH FIGHT WAS FER JUNE SIXTH! WE'RE SANK!
YEP THAT'S THE DATE!
I WONDER IF I COULD JOIN TH' NAVY? HUH?
SIGNAL COAST GUARD STATION; INFORM IRRATIONAL PRESS PALOOKA AND PARTY FOUND ABOARD RUM SCHOONER. WE HAVE TAKEN POSSESION. WILL LAND PARTY IN PHILADELPHIA TOMORROW.
WIRELESS ROOM KEEP OUT.

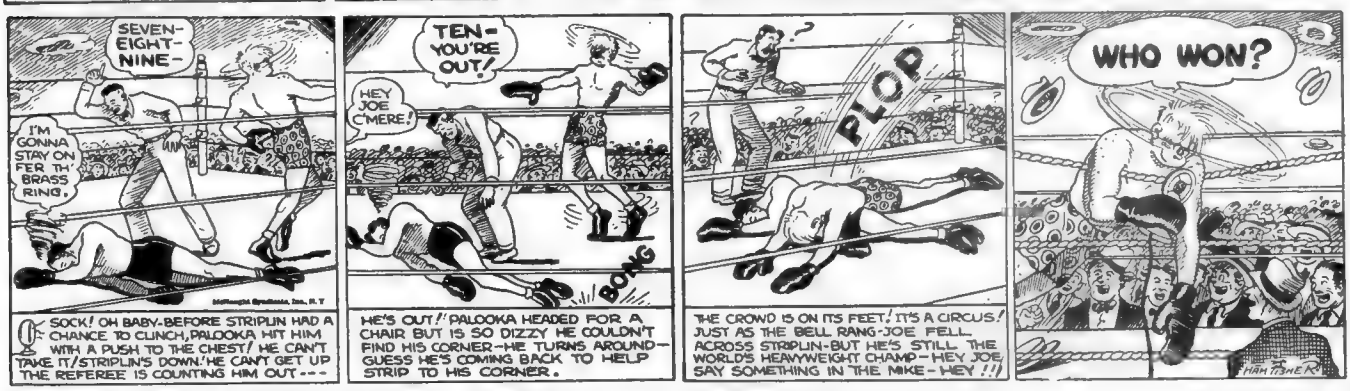
A HURRIED MEETING OF THE BOXING COMMISSION
THEY'LL BE HERE RIGHT AWAY — IT APPEARS FROM THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS THAT THEY ARE ENTIRELY BLAMELESS. DO YOU GENTLEMEN AGREE WITH ME?
GRAULEY SAYS PALOOKA APPEARS TO BE IN THE BEST CONDITION OF HIS CAREER.
FER GOSH SAKE JOE! I UNNERSTAND THEY'VE TOOK TH' CHAMPEENSHIP AWAY FROM US. IF I KIN EXPLAIN TO TH COMMISSION WE MIGHT GIT IT BACK!
NOPE! I WONT FIGHT ENNYMORE! MISS HOWE SAYS IT'S BROOTIL!
THE COMMISSION'S IN ROOM 509 SIR.
DON'T BE A SAP FER A SKIRT!!
— AND SO WE HOLD THE TITLE VACANT, AND ORDER PALOOKA AND STRIPLIN TO FIGHT JUNE 30TH AT THE SESQUI STADIUM! THE ARRANGEMENT IS SATISFACTORY TO THE PROMOTERS, SO ESTABLISH TRAINING QUARTERS IMMEDIATELY!
S-WELL!
DID YA HEAR THAT KID- AINT IT TH' NERTZ? WE DON'T LOSE OUR TEN THOUSAND BUCKS FORFEIT, AN WE GIT A CHANCE'T T'KEEP TH' TITLE EASY.
BUT I WONT FIGHT. I'VE RISIGMED!
HAM FISHER
AFTER ALL I DONE FER YA YA'D DO THIS TME AINT I BEEN LIKE A FATHER? AINT I YER PAL?
YA SAP
—AND THEY WANT MR. PALOOKA TO APPEAR ON THE BALCONY FOR A FEW MINUTES.
YA KIN (AT LEAST SAY HULLO!
HULLO!
ARE YA GOIN' BACK ON ALL THEM SWELL FANS JOE? ARE YA KID?
GULP. I-I—I'LL FIGHT.
GRILL
YA AINT THROWIN' US ARE YA CHAMP?
PALOOKA!
YOU FOR US— KID!
HURRAY!
ISN'T HE CUTE MAE?
IS MISS HOWE TO HOME?
YASSAH! SHE EXPECTIN YO, MISTA PALOOKA.
HULLO MISS HOWE— I GOTTA TOLD YOU SOMETHIN'!
I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME OVER! UNCLE BILLY HARDTACK AND AUNTY HARDTACK AND MRS STREETER ARE HERE FOR TEA.
AN THEY ALL HOLLERED AN CHEERED AN EVERYTHIN'. AN THEY SAID THEY'D FEEL TURRIBLE IF I DINT — AN ALL THEM KIDS — AN — I — UH-SED I WOULD. ARE YOU MAD ON ME?
I UNDERSTAND DARLING — AND YOU'RE FORGIVEN THIS TIME. YOU JUST HAD TO, AND I HOPE YOU WIN! I'LL BE THERE TO SEE IT.
GUESS THIS IS BETTER THAN THE ISLAND — EH JOE?
I'LL HAVE MILK AN LEMON IN MY TEA IF YOU PLEASE.
WE'RE GOING TO STAY HERE AND SEE YOU FIGHT, AND I'M GOING TO BET HEAVY ON YOU.
JOE SMITH IS GONNA LET TOMMY LOUGHRAN TEACH YA A LEFT JAB, AN WHATS MORE JACK BRADY WILL TRAIN YA AT TH' ARCADIA GYM. TWO HARD WEEKS OF TRAININ' WITH THEM AN WE KIN LICK ALL TH' PUGS IN TH' WORLD IN TH' ONE RING.
LOOK— I'LL SAP A COUPLA THESE BOZOS INTA A GAME OF KELLY. YOU SIT AROUND AN HAVE A COUPLA SODA POPS AN READ TH' FUNNY MAGAZINES.
GIMME SIX A THEM COC'NIT BARS.
HOW'S A BOY CHAMP?
SODA
I PUTS THE CUE BALL IN MY MOUTH AN TAKES IT OUT AGAIN. IS IT A BET?
CAN'T BE DONE!
I'LL TAKE YA FER A FIVE SPOT.
HERE'S YER FIVE. BIG MOUTH. YA DONE IT.
PERDON ME, BUT KIN I TRY IT?
SURE FELLA, BUT YA BETTER BE CAREFUL!
REMEMBER YOU AINT GOT A MOUTH LIKE HIS!
GLUB!
NOW YA DONE IT! WE BETTER GIT A DOCTOR!
I TOLD YA! THE GUY CAN'T GET IT OUTA HIS MOUTH!
IT'S PALOOKA!
WHATSA MATTER JOE? WHATSA MATTER?
BETTER CALL A DENTIST TOO!
SEND FER A AMBULANCE!
WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIS TEETH OUT OR DISLOCATE HIS JAW I'M AFRAID.
HE GOT A CUE BALL IN HIS MOUTH!
WHAT'S TH' DOPE?
NO'NO' YA CAN'T DO THAT!! MIGOSH— THINK OF SOMETHIN'!


DOCTOR SCHNOZZLE THE GREAT SPECIALIST WHO OPERATED ON JOE'S NOSE HAS BEEN CALLED INTO CONSULTATION.
I DINK VE COULD DO NOTTINK DILL AFTER DER VIGHT. HE VILL BE UNGOMFORTAPLE ABER IF VE OBERATE. HE VILL BE TOO VEAK IN DER CHAW TO VIGHT.
I GUESS YER RIGHT DOC. THE SAP DONE IT HISSELF — LET 'IM BE UNCOMF'TABLE WE GOTTA BATTLE FER OUR TITLE. AN WE CAN'T WEAKEN THAT JAW!
YOU MUST HAFF HIS FOOD CHOPPED UP UND FEED HIM MIT LIQVIDS MIT A TUBE. YA!
SKLF GLIFF MUFF A IFE CREEF FOFA WIF A HAW.
LISTEN SAP! YA GOT ME ALMOST SCARED NOW. AN IF YA KEEP THAT UP-I'LL BE SCREAMIN' OUT LOUD! HERE WRITE IT ON A PIECE OF PAPER!!
YEFFIR.
Please give me a ice scream soda with a straw
HAM FISHER
JOE YER IN LUCK! MEET TH' WORLD'S SMARTEST BOXER TOMMY LOUGHRAN, HISSELF. JOE SMITH'S GONNA LET TOMMY SHOW YA HOW TA USE A LEFT TH' RIGHT WAY.
MFF MFF
YOU HOLD IT HIGH LIKE THIS — THEN JAB.
CLICK CLICK CLICK
SEE — IT PREVENTS YOUR OPPONENT FROM GETTING SET.
CLICK CLICK
SHALL I SHOW YOU THAT LEFT JAB AGAIN.
OH FANK OOH! FLEAF HIF FY FUMICK INFED AF FOOL FALL DONIF FEEL FO GOOF.
HAM FISHER
TRANSLATION:— NO THANK YOU. PLEASE HIT MY STOMACH INSTEAD. THAT POOL BALL DON'T FEEL SO GOOD.
I FIND THAT GOLFING IS A GREAT ASSET TO TRAINING.
BOY. THIS MERION LINKS IS TH' NERTZ.
HM!
SMACK
TCH! TCH!
WHAM
MF MF!
WHACK
CRACK
YA SAP YA BUSTED EVERY STICK IN YER BAG.
EEF HUBS HANT BE ENNY GOO!
TRANSLATION: "THESE CLUBS CAN'T BE ANY GOOD."
HAM FISHER
THE SPORTS SCRIBES ARRIVED IN PHILLY TO COVER PALOOKA'S TRAINING AT THE ARCADIA GYM.
CLICK CLICK
I TELL YA THE POOL BALL DON'T BOTHER HIM! NONE! YA CAN SAY IN YER STORIES THAT HE DON'T EVEN KNOW IT'S THERE.
LISTEN KNOBBY — D'YA THINK WE'RE A BUNCH OF SAPS. THAT IVORY COLLIDING WITH IVORY, IF YOU GET WHAT I MEAN, MUST BE PLENTY ANNOYING.
A HANDICAP LIKE THAT MAY COST HIM THE FIGHT AND HIS CROWN.
LET'S ASK JOE.
KNOBBY SAYS YOU DON'T MIND THAT CUE BALL IN YOUR MUSH. HOW ABOUT IT CHAMP?
GRAFIOUF! IFE FERRIBUL!
by MURRAY LEWIN
Palooka Training Camp June 19 — Although he had a fast workout today and showed a brilliant left and an amazing new skill at footwork the consensus of opinion among the experts here is that the pool ball which the champ forced in his mouth on a bet and was unable to remove will cause him plenty of trouble in his coming fight with Striplin. The doctors however say that it will be more dangerous to try and remove it than to let it remain until after the night of June 30th. There is no doubt but that the annoyance
HAM FISHER
PACKY DERM THE WEST PHILLY TORNADO IS TO WORK OUT WITH JOE TODAY.
YOU!? JOB IS T'TIE 'IM UP IN TH' CLINCHES! THA'S ALL! GET IT? I WANT JOE T'TRY AN BREAK LOOSE. NO SLUGGIN'! I WANT YA T'USE TH' SAME TACK THKS AS STRIPLIN WILL.
LISTEN PACKY. THE SCRIBES DON'T KNOW YOU AIN'T SPOSED TA HIT PALOOKA. WAIT 'TILL AFTER THE THIRD REST PERIOD AN THROW THE RIGHT LIKE I TOLD YA. HE WON'T BE EXPECTIN' IT, AN HE'LL GO OUT COLD!! WE'LL BE MADE!! OKAY- WATCH YER STEP.
CLICK CLICK
WORK 'IM FASTER JOE — STED AWAY FROM 'IM — DON'T LET 'IM CLINCH — C'MON GET OUT OF IT!!
CLICK
PSST — LET 'ER GO PACKY!
AT'S IT JOE — WIGGLE OUT OF IT!
HAM FISHER

PACKY HAD INSTRUCTIONS FROM KNOBBY TO TIE UP PALOOKA- AND NO MORE! HIS CONNIVING MANAGER GAVE OTHERS HOWEVER.
HE'S OUT KID. WE'LL MAKE A REP OUTA THIS!
YA RAT! WHAT'S TH' IDEA?
WHO'S THAT SPARRING PARTNER?
HE'S OUT.
LOOKS BAD. PALOOKA CAN'T TAKE IT!
SCRAM OUTA THIS RING QUICK! I'LL ATTEND T' YOUSE.
I AFF NOFF OUF.
McNaught Syndicate Inc., N Y
HEY! WAIF A MINIF!
LISTEN FELLERS- HE WASN'T S'POSED T'HIT. HONEST IT WAS A PHONEY- JOE WASN'T EXPECTIN' IT.
WHAT A STORY THIS'LL MAKE.
BOLONEY!
HAM FISHER
LAY OFF, PALOOKA- KNOBBY TOL' ME T'GET OUTA THE RING.
MF MF- NOF YEF!!
C'MON PACKY!
I TELL YA IT WAS A PHONEY
HALP!
STOP HIM- HE'LL MURDER THE GUY!
YOU RUNKS BETTER SCRAM OR I'LL TURN JOE LOOSE AGAIN!
HE WAF NO GENFLEMIN!
JOE YOU'RE A PANIC BUT YOU SURE CAN FIGHT!
HAM FISHER
BY STAN BAUMGARTNER.
PHILA PA. JUNE 25TH THE CHAMP IS CERTAINLY OFF HIS FEED. EVEN THOUGH HIS FAMOUS CHEF SMOKEY PERSONALLY PREPARES ALL MEALS (AND SUCCULENT DISHES THEY ARE AS THIS WRITER KNOWS) IT IS NECESSARY THAT ALL HIS FOOD BE CHOPPED UP AND FED PALOOKA THROUGH A TUBE. THE CUE BALL IN HIS MOUTH CAUSES JOE PLENTY OF ANNOYANCE, AND AS HIS TRAINING BECOMES MORE GRUELLING, SO DO THE PALOOKA'S NERVES BECOME MORE RAGGED
I KNOW IT'S TOUGH KID- BUT YA GOTTA EAT.
THE TUBE
HOW'S AT STRAWBERRY, CHAUCLUT, PIMEAPPLE, ICE CREAM SODA, MIST' JOE?
LISTEN, YA CAN'T EGGZIST ON JIST DESSERTS KID, YER LOSIN' TOO MUCH WEIGHT.
I HAVE THE SUITE READY MISTER WALSH.
I GOTYA LITTLE SU'PRISE FER YA KID. THEY'VE FIXED UP TH' ROOMS WHICH TUNNEY USED WHEN HE FOUGHT DEMPSEY HERE, AN YOU'RE GONNA HAVE 'EM. NOW SMILE!
GOFF OBBY! AFF FWELL!
HAM FISHER
I CANF EAF!
YA SIMPLY GOT TA EAT SOMETHIN' YER OFF TEN POUNDS, AN TH' FIGHT'S T'MORRA.
BOY I'M WORRIED PLENTY. I DREAMED YA LOST TOO.
GOSH I SPILLT SOME SALT/ THA'S A BAD SIGN.
?
I AINT TAKIN' NO CHANCES!
AH- AH- AH-
CHEW
THE CUE BALL
THAT WASN'T SALT KNOBBY IT WAS PEPPER!
HAM FISHER
-SPORTS EXTRA-
THE 2 TO 1 ODDS FAVORING STRIPLIN IN THE TITLE BOUT WITH JOE PALOOKA AT THE SESQUI STADIUM TONITE, CHANGED SHARPLY WHEN IT BECAME KNOWN THAT THE POOL BALL LODGED IN JOE'S MOUTH FOR THE LAST TWO WEEKS HAD COME OUT. THE BOOKS ARE NOW QUOTING 7 TO 5- WITH THE LIKELIHOOD THAT RINGTIME WILL FIND THEM EVEN MONEY.
THE CHAMP WAS AWAY OFF IN WEIGHT DUE TO HIS FORCED DIET, AND WILL COME IN AT 192 POUNDS. STRIPLIN WEIGHED IN AT 200 EVEN.
EXTRY- PALOOKA ATE SIX STEAKS AT NOON.
HOW CAN A GUY FIGHT ON A LOAD LIKE THAT?
HE TOPPED IT OFF WITH TWO QUARTS OF ICE CREAM. MY DOUGH GOES ON STRIPLIN'.
WALNUT ST.
McNaught Syndicate, Inc., N Y.
THIS LOOKS LIKE A BIGGER CROWD THAN DEMPSEY AND TUNNEY DREW.
YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL.
ALL DAY LONG THE HUGE CROWD HAS BEEN GATHERING.
YESSIR I FEEL ELEGINT.
FOR THE CHAMPEENSHIP OF THE WOILD!
© THEY'RE IN THE RING. JOE HUMPHREYS IS INTRODUCING THE GLADIATORS. PALOOKA IN ONE CORNER WITH JIMMIE BRONSON- AND WILLIE STRIPLIN IN THE OTHER, WITH "PAW" AS HIS SECOND.

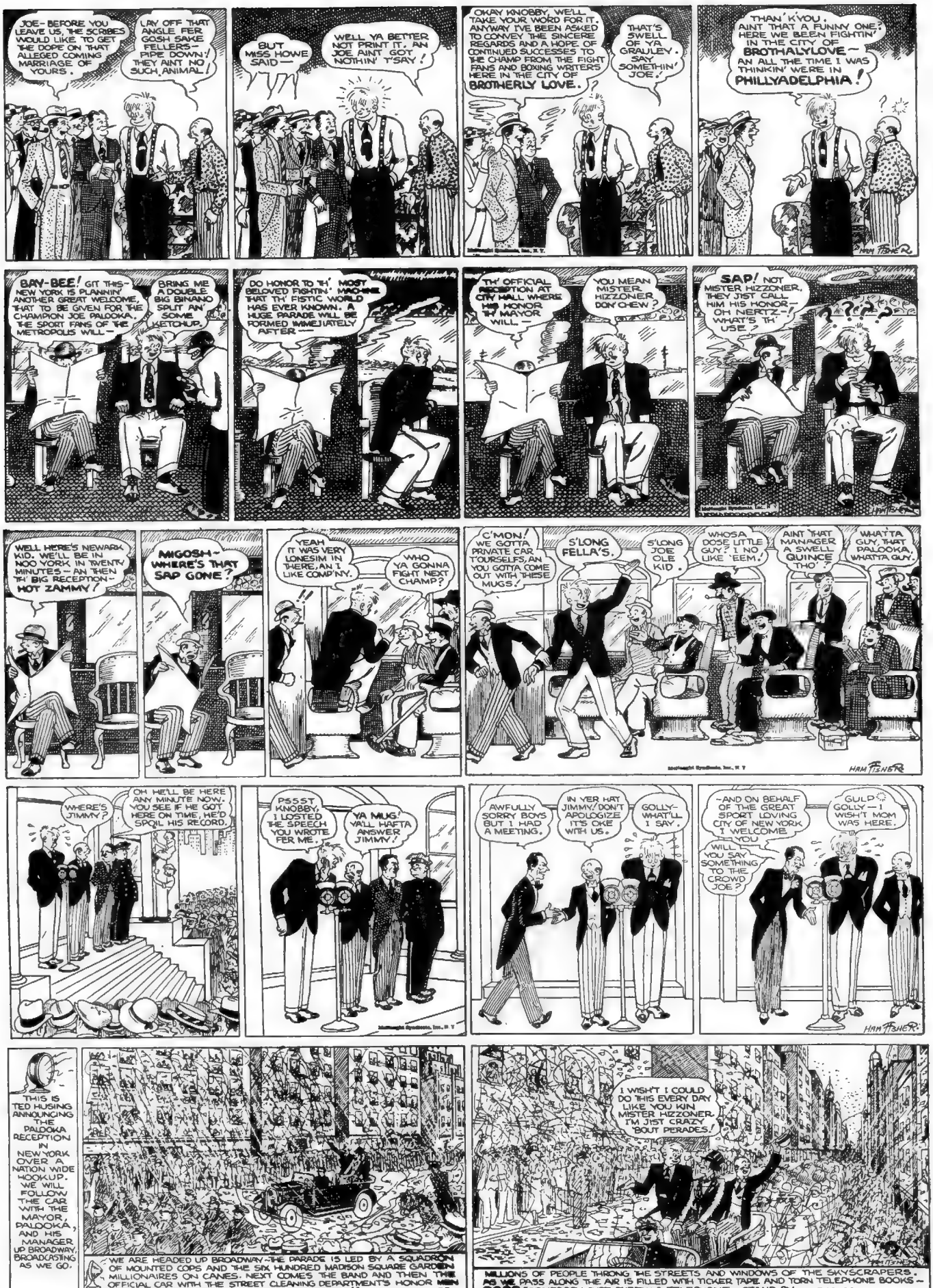

THIS IS ANGELO PALANGE AT THE RINGSIDE OF THE PALOOKA-STRIPLIN TITLE MATCH AT THE SESQUI STADIUM. SEATED AROUND THE RINGSIDE ARE THE WORLD'S OUTSTANDING SPORTS CELEBRITIES - MAYOR JIMMY WALKER, MAYOR HARRY MACKEY, BILL FREIHOFER, DAN PARKER, SAM OTIS, KEITH TEMPLE, JUDGE MAXEY, DAMON RUNYON, JIM CORBETT, AND - OH THERE GOES THE BELL!
THEY MOVE TO MID-RING CAUTIOUSLY. PALOOKA LEADS A LONG LEFT, STRIPLIN DUCKS AND RUSHES INTO A CLINCH. THE REFEREE BREAKS THEM - - -
THEY SPAR WARILY. PALOOKA THROWS A FAST RIGHT UPPERCUT. IT GRAZES STRIPLIN'S CHIN AS HE RUSHES INTO ANOTHER CLINCH ——
I'LL TRY NOT TO - HONIST.
DON'T LET HIM CLINCH!
THE CROWD YELLS FOR ACTION. THE FIGHT HAS BEEN DEAD SO FAR. THERE GOES THE BELL FOR THE SECOND ROUND - - - -
I JIST DARE YOUSE T'LET GO ONCE'T!
BOO!
BOO!
HAM FISHER
OH THIS IS TERRIBLE, ANOTHER CLINCH. STRIPLIN TIES JOE'S ARMS AND THE PALOOKA CAN'T BREAK LOOSE. THAT NOISE YOU HEAR IS THE OLD RAZOO.

C'MON BREAK IT UP!
WILL YOUSE PLEASE LEMME GO?
THROW 'EM OUT!
BOO!
THE LAST THREE ROUNDS WERE REPETITIONS OF THE FIRST. HARDLY A BLOW HAS BEEN EXCHANGED AND THERE GOES THE BELL FOR THE END OF THE SEVENTH. THE CROWD IS THOROUGHLY DISGUSTED.
BUT HONIST MISTER BRONSON, I CAN'T NOT GIT AWAY FROM 'IM.
LISTEN- DO YOU REMEMBER THAT WRESTLING SHOW YOU SAW? WELL BZZZ - BZZ -
KEEP HOLDIN' 'IM KID - THEY WON'T THROW YA OUT. YOU'RE WEARIN' HIM OUT. WAIT TILL THE TENTH THEN LET 'ER GO.
OKAY PAW.
HEY STOP THAT!
LET 'EM ALONE REFEREE!
WHAT'S THIS? AS STRIPLIN CLINCHES, JOE WINDS HIS ARMS AROUND HIM AND STARTS TO SPIN WILLIE AROUND. WOW! IT'S A PANIC! IT'S THE "AIRPLANE SPIN" THAT JIM LONDOS THE WRESTLING CHAMP USES -
HAM FISHER
PALOOKA LETS GO - STRIPLIN FLIES TO THE CANVAS - HE GETS UP - BOTH ARE DIZZY - THEY STAGGER - WOW - OH THEY SWAY TOWARD ONE ANOTHER - STAND BY - - - - -


SEVEN- EIGHT- NINE-
I'M GONNA STAY ON FER TH' BRASS RING.
SOCK! OH BABY - BEFORE STRIPLIN HAD A CHANCE TO CLINCH, PALOOKA HIT HIM WITH A PUSH TO THE CHEST! HE CAN'T TAKE IT/STRIPLIN'S DOWN. HE CAN'T GET UP THE REFEREE IS COUNTING HIM OUT - - -
TEN- YOU'RE OUT!
HEY JOE C'MERE!
BONG
HE'S OUT!" PALOOKA HEADED FOR A CHAIR BUT IS SO DIZZY HE COULDN'T FIND HIS CORNER - HE TURNS AROUND - GUESS HE'S COMING BACK TO HELP STRIP TO HIS CORNER.
PLOP
THE CROWD IS ON ITS FEET! IT'S A CIRCUS! JUST AS THE BELL RANG - JOE FELL ACROSS STRIPLIN - BUT HE'S STILL THE WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP - HEY JOE, SAY SOMETHING IN THE MIKE - HEY!!!
WHO WON?
HAM FISHER

OH JOE DARLING - I'M SO HAPPY YOU WON. YOU WERE MARVELOUS.
THAT'S VERY NICELY OF YOU T'SAY THAT.
LISTEN MISS HOWE- HE'S GOTTA GIT HIS RUBDOWN - SO SCA-RAM!
ALRIGHT THEN - FIVE MINUTES IS ALL YOU KIN STAY!!
I SUPPOSE YOU'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO DEFEND YOUR TITLE AGAIN?
OH CERT'NY! I GOTTA DEFEN' THE TITIL!
BUT DEAR - TUNNEY RESIGNED AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS CAREER AND - UH - ER YOU COULD TOO - AND WE -
I THINK HE'S A ELEGINT FELLER. I MET HIM ONCE! T' - GOLLY.
COULD BE MARRIED!
OH I WUN'T DARE T'DO NOTHIN' LIKE THAT TILL I ASK MOM. I'M GOIN' HOME T'SEE THE FAMBLY AN I'LL ASK HER - HUM?
HAM FISHER

MAYOR JIMMY WALKER - CHAMP.
JOE, I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU. THAT FINISH WAS TREMENDOUS!
HE DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH US!
I SEEN YOU IN THE MOVIES.
THERE'S NOTHING I ADMIRE MORE THAN A REAL CHAMPION. TELL ME, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE THE GREATEST FIGHTER OF THEM ALL?
I'M FINE, THAN K'YOU - HOW'RE YOU?
THE BOYS ARE GETTING UP A GREAT RECEPTION FOR YOU, AND I'M EXPECTING THE PLEASURE OF GREETING YOU AT CITY HALL. NEW YORK WILL GREET YOU LIKE THEY DID COL. LINDBERGH.
GULP
DID JA HEAR WHAT JIMMY SAID - SAY SOMETHIN'.
A PERADE LIKE THEY HAD FER COL. LIN'BERGH - GOLLY - GEE WHIZ - MY GRACIOUS!
HAM FISHER


JOE - BEFORE YOU LEAVE US, THE SCRIBES WOULD LIKE TO GET THE DOPE ON THAT ALLEGED COMING MARRIAGE OF YOURS.
LAY OFF THAT ANGLE FER GOSH SAKE FELLERS - PIPE DOWN! THEY AINT NO SUCH ANIMAL!
BUT MISS HOWE SAID —
WELL YA BETTER NOT PRINT IT. AN JOE AINT GOT NOTHIN' T'SAY!
OKAY KNOBBY, WE'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT. ANYWAY I'VE BEEN ASKED TO CONVEY THE SINCERE REGARDS AND A HOPE OF CONTINUED SUCCESSES TO THE CHAMP FROM THE FIGHT FANS AND BOXING WRITERS HERE IN THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE.
THAT'S SWELL OF YA GRAULEY. SAY SOMETHIN' JOE.
THAN K'YOU. AINT THAT A FUNNY ONE. HERE WE BEEN FIGHTIN' IN THE CITY OF BROTHALYLOVE — AN ALL THE TIME I WAS THINKIN' WE'RE IN PHILLYADELPHIA!
HAM FISHER
BAY-BEE! GIT THIS - NEW YORK IS PLANNIN' ANOTHER GREAT WELCOME, THAT TO BE GIVEN FOR THE CHAMPION JOE PALOOKA. THE SPORT FANS OF THE METROPOLIS WILL —
BRING ME A DOUBLE BIG BINANO SPLIT AN' SOME KETCHUP.
DO HONOR TO TH' MOST BELOVED FIGHTIN' MACHINE THAT TH' FISTIC WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN. A HUGE PARADE WILL BE FORMED IMMEDIATELY AFTER —
TH' OFFICIAL RECEPTION AT CITY HALL WHERE HIS HONOR TH' MAYOR WILL —
YOU MEAN MISTER HIZZONER DON CHEW?
SAP! NOT MISTER HIZZONER, THEY JIST CALL HIM HIS HONOR — OH NERTZ —! WHAT'S TH' USE?
WELL HERE'S NEWARK KID, WE'LL BE IN NOO YORK IN TWENTY MINUTES — AN THEN TH' BIG RECEPTION - HOT ZAMMY!
MIGOSH - WHERE'S THAT SAP GONE?
YEAH IT WAS VERY LONESIM IN THERE, AN I LIKE COMP'NY.
WHO YA GONNA FIGHT NEXT CHAMP?
C'MON! WE GOTTA PRIVATE CAR T'OURSELFS, AN YOU GOTTA COME OUT WITH THESE MUGS.
S'LONG FELLA'S.
S'LONG JOE OLE KID.
WHOSA DOSE LITTLE GUY? I NO LIKE 'EEM.
AINT THAT MANAGER A SWELL QUINCE THO'
WHAT'TA GUY, THAT PALOOKA, WHATTA GUY.
HAM FISHER
WHERE'S JIMMY?
OH HE'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW. YOU SEE IF HE GOT HERE ON TIME, HE'D SPOIL HIS RECORD.
PSSST, KNOBBY, I LOSTED THE SPEECH YOU WROTE FER ME.
YA MUG! YA'LL HAFTA ANSWER JIMMY!
AWFULLY SORRY BOYS BUT I HAD A MEETING.
IN YER HAT JIMMY, DON'T APOLOGIZE IT'S OKE WITH US.
GOLLY - WHAT'LL I SAY.
~AND ON BEHALF OF THE GREAT SPORT LOVING CITY OF NEW YORK I WELCOME YOU
WILL YOU SAY SOMETHING TO THE CROWD JOE?
GULP GOLLY — WISH'T MOM WAS HERE.
HAM FISHER
THIS IS TED HUSING ANNOUNCING THE PALOOKA RECEPTION IN NEW YORK OVER A NATION WIDE HOOKUP. WE WILL FOLLOW THE CAR WITH THE MAYOR, PALOOKA, AND HIS MANAGER UP BROADWAY, BROADCASTING AS WE GO.
WE ARE HEADED UP BROADWAY - THE PARADE IS LED BY A SQUADRON OF MOUNTED COPS AND THE SIX HUNDRED MADISON SQUARE GARDEN MILLIONAIRES ON CANES. NEXT COMES THE BAND AND THEN THE OFFICIAL CAR WITH THE STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT'S HONOR MEN BRINGING UP THE REAR. WHAT A SPECTACLE!!
I WISH'T I COULD DO THIS EVERY DAY LIKE YOU KIN MISTER HIZZONER. I'M JIST CRAZY 'BOUT PERADES!
MILLIONS OF PEOPLE THRONG THE STREETS AND WINDOWS OF THE SKYSCRAPERS. AS WE PASS ALONG THE AIR IS FILLED WITH TICKER TAPE AND TORN TELEPHONE BOOKS — OOPS! SOMEBODY JUST THREW A TELEPHONE - STAND BY ——

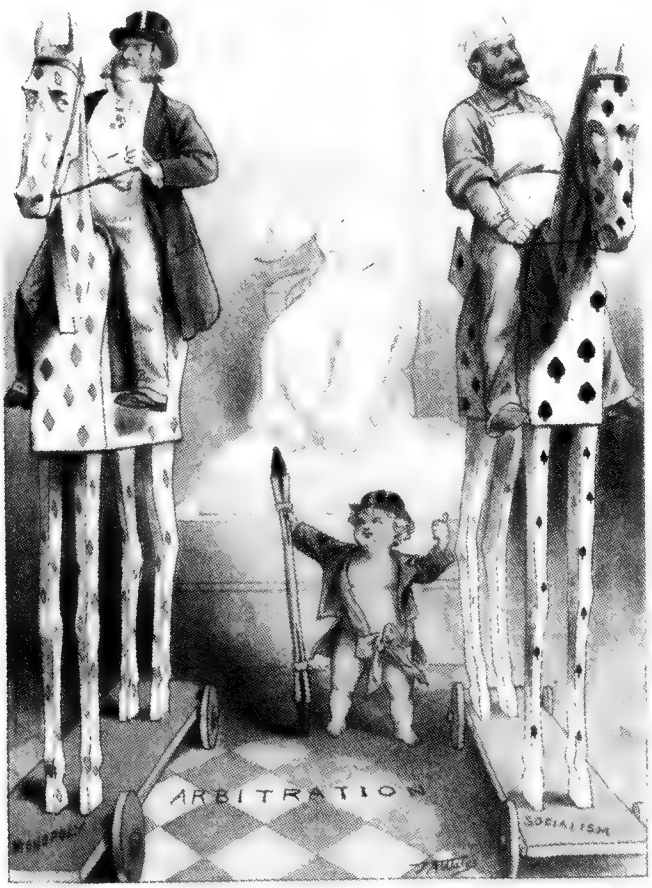
The Labor Pains Of 1886

Powerful Cartoons Of A Century Ago

By Rick Marschall

The staid Victorian era was actually a period of unrest. Looking back, Currier and Ives don't tell us that, but others, like Charles Dickens, do; and so do cartoons. The cartoons of a century ago—documenting and addressing issues in some of the most violent labor dispures in American history—remind us that the cartoon, produced for mass consumption and on deadline, can be the most reflective mirror of a time.

In 1886, the Industrial Revolution's illegitimate children were coming of age. There had been nearly three decades of rampant industrialization, expansion, and urbanization. Fires of unrest were fueled by immigration (hand-in-hand with the assimilation that was exaggerated in recent maudlin commemorations of the Statue of Liberty's centennial); and the waves of immigration, reaching their peak between 1886 and 1907, were not unwelcome by factory masters. Many new arrivals were immediately absorbed into the workplace, but often at subsistence wages and with little apparent chance of advancement—resulting in dislocations, unrest, and fragile social systems. The profile of the American labor force, just as it was changing from agrarian to industrial, was also changing from craft to unskilled, which bothered many including some in the labor movement itself who sought to direct the character of unionism.



THE PROPER WAY.
Puck—"Come down, both of you, off your high horses, and meet on equal ground."

The final troubled ingredient in the stew was the radical element. Among the immigrants were anarchists and syndicalists, violence-prone revolutionaries, and, particularly, Marxists and German Socialists.

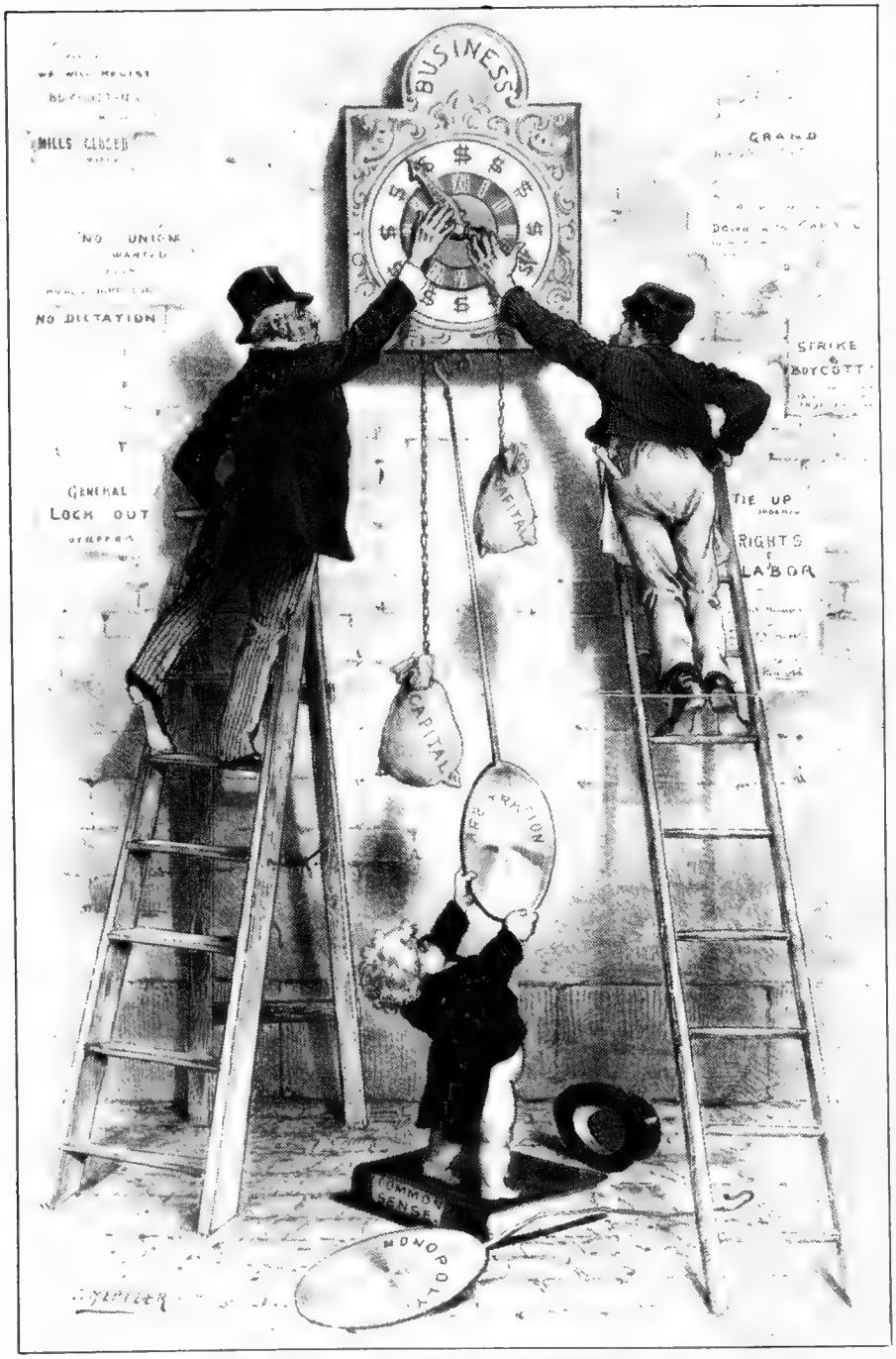
To be sure, America had its own radical element, and radical tradition. It went back to Paine and Jefferson, continued through the Abolitionists and John Brown, and, during the Depression-scarred 1870s, the Greenback Party. During the 1880s there were fringe political groups, like the prohibitionists and the Women's Suffrage Party, who pursued their agendas and gained converts. And in a few years the People's Party—the Populists—were to forge a genuine political revolution whose effects and reformist advocacies would be felt for a generation.

But one century ago the labor segment of the larger social ferment experienced what may have been its most turbulent year. . . not excepting the violent 1890s; the watershed 'Teens and Twenties, when its soul was contested; or the days of advances during the New Deal and its legislative aftermath.

In 1886 William Gompers and Eugene Debs were virtually beginning their periods of effective leadership; Gompers only became head of the American Federation of Labor—always consciously non-radical—in 1886. The major names in the labor movement one century ago were Terence V. Powderly and Henry George.

Powderly headed the Knights of Labor, a formidable representative of organized working men that petered out around 1900. Henry George was the author of *Progress and Poverty* and the originator of the Single Tax theory. A beacon to other radicals and theorists, he was supported by Father Edward McGlynn, a magnetic Catholic priest who eventually was threatened with excommunication by Rome; and also by Cardinal Gibbons and other

All cartoons in this article from the collection of Rick Marschall



ARBITRATION IS THE TRUE BALANCE OF POWER.
Puck—Don't meddle with the hands, gentlemen—this pendulum is the only thing to regulate that clock!

prominent Catholic clergymen (most of the new immigrants from Ireland, Italy, and central Europe were Catholic). In 1886 Henry George ran for mayor of New York City on his own independent labor ticket . . . and came in second, even beating Republican Theodore Roosevelt! It was indeed a volatile period.

In George's wake were other books (Edward Bellamy's utopian *Looking Backward* was published in 1887) and other agitators, many more radical than he. Socialists and communists firmly believed things were going their way, and during 1886 the speeches grew more radical, the urban demonstrations grew larger, the strikes more frequent, and the disputes more violent. In a year crowded with personalities like George, Powderly, Gompers and others, and with strikes and perfervid union organizing, to many the absolute culmination—almost a symbolic *dénouement*—was the Haymarket Riot in Chicago. A restless public meeting was laced with anarchists and when the smoke, cleared a dozen people were dead.

Into the breach, as observers but also as public-policy advocates, came *Puck* and other journals of opinion. *Puck*, founded by Joseph Keppler in 1876, was a cartoon weekly that featured three brightly colored lithographic drawings and dozens of pen-and-ink line cartoons . . . and a heavy dose of politics and commentary. Following in *Puck*'s direct footsteps were *Judge* and *Life*; and *Harper's Weekly* also featured many cartoons (although the legendary Thomas Nast left the staff in 1886). Of all, *Puck* was the most sophisticated in its political formulations and opinions. *Puck*'s chief cartoonist continued to be Keppler, but its editor and editorial writer was H. C. Bunner, clever poet and author of light fiction, and a powerful, lucid thinker on politics and economics.

Puck was generally liberal and reformist but in 1886 was aghast at labor violence and the fast-moving events. Its editorials and cartoons genuinely attempted to understand events and solve causes as well as condemn the problems, leaving readers with a body of "sermons on paper." Its major fears were forced unionization, "walking delegates" (union representatives who called wildcat strikes), and the boycott as a union weapon.

Lest from these positions *Puck* sound partial on the subject, it should quickly be noted that the magazine (and the other cartoon weeklies) vigorously attacked monopoly throughout the 1880s, although, strangely enough, they modified their position in the early Theodore Roosevelt years, arguing occasionally that trusts offered efficiency and economy.

Puck's hero, more than any labor organizer or bureaucrat, was the honest, independent craftsman-laborer, caught between all the conflicting forces. *Puck* decried compulsory unionism, and (in its 10th-anniversary supplement, detailing its history and inner workings) boasted of its own record *vis a vis* its employees.

> *"The average of payment to the employees of* Puck *is $25 a week . . . the pay of adults is exceptionally high. The boys who feed the presses earn $8 and $10 a week. Pressmen are paid from $18 to $30; artists and designers from $60 to $70 . . . superintendents of the various art departments make $70 and $100. A week's worth is 54 hours; over-time being paid extra. There is a mutual benefit association among the hands, which pays $7 a week to those disabled by sickness.*

By the standards of our day these compensations seem

niggardly, but they were rather generous in their day. *Puck* had good reason to boast of its own labor record.

Occasionally *Puck* adopted a tone of lecture when addressing the working man. On May 5, 1886, enumerated five lies that the laborer should reject:

> *1) That there are enemies of labor ("there is no such thing . . . except the lazy laborer. A laborer who will not work is an enemy of labor"); 2) That your case is different from that of all other people who are working for a living; 3) That the man is your friend who gets special legislation made at your demand ("If such legislation benefits you, all special legislation is a curse to the community"); 4) That you [workers] as a class get any good out of that worst of all pieces of special legislation—a high protective tariff; 5) That the people who tell you the truth are your enemies.*

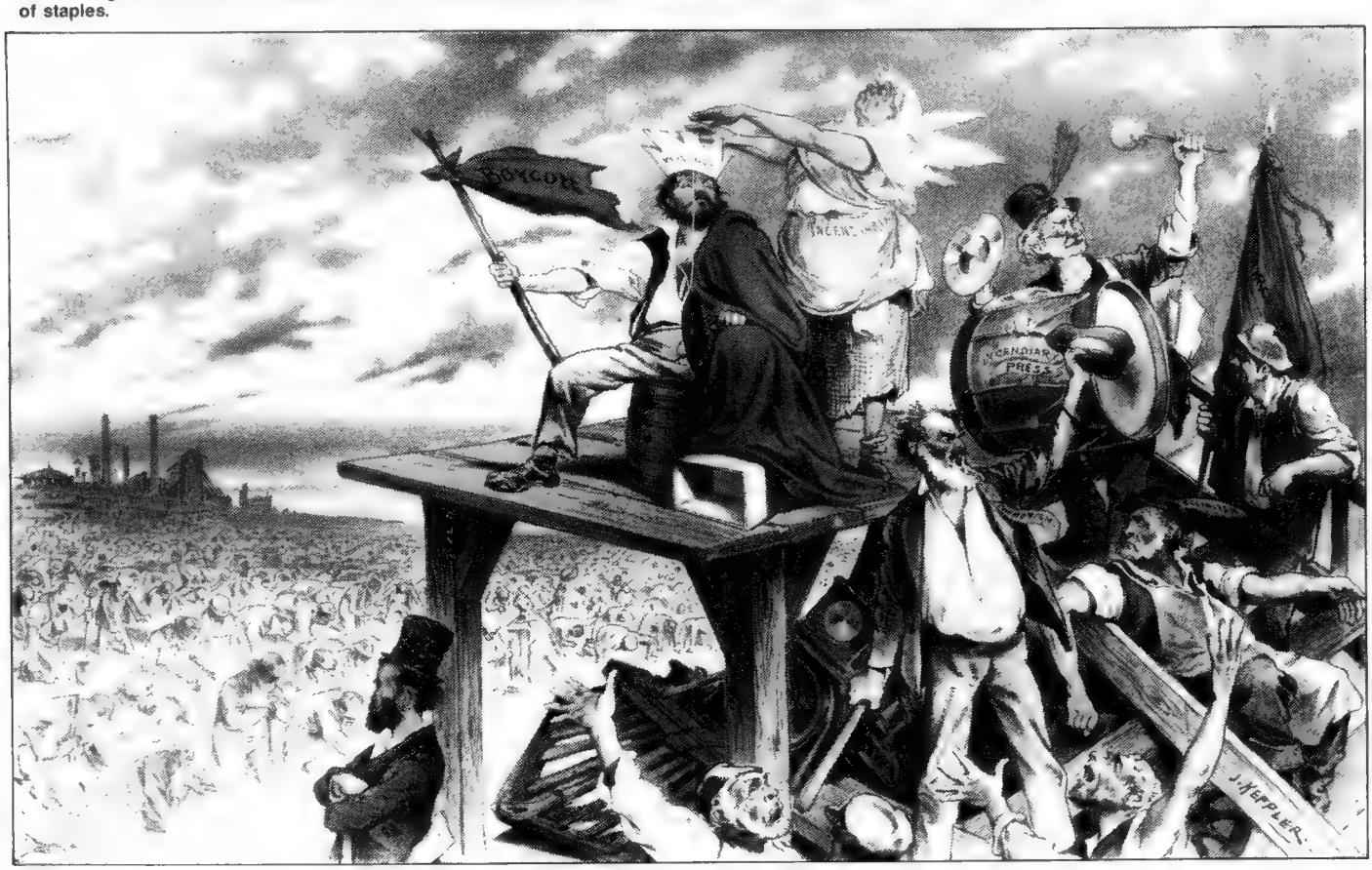
During the week that editorial was printed, the Central Labor Union in New York City narrowly voted down a resolution to boycott *Puck* and urge all union men to do so. *Puck* boiled the boycotting argument down to "Help me or I'll hurt you," and foresaw multitudes of innocent people being drawn into income- and life-threatening disputes of which they knew nothing. Moreover, said *Puck*, "every man who has seen this paper, from the day it was first printed to the present time, must know that no other periodical published daily, weekly, or monthly, has fought so hard a fight against the aggressions of Monopoly, or shown itself so honestly friendly to all men who live by honest work. We challenge every 'labor agitator' in the business to find in *Puck* one line of drawing, one word of writing, that wrongs the man who lives by the sweat of his brow."

Puck's dander was up, but Bunner, editorially, strove to tread a middle course of fairness, and did so in a manner that also reflected establishment thinking of the day—indeed, the most advanced contemporary thought: In an open letter to John Smith of the Central Labor Council, *Puck* denounced robber baron Jay Gould in harsh terms, but at least tipped its hat toward Gould's basic intelligence and occasional pretense at respectability; labor's "property is theft" agitators would squander Gould's fortune, if given to them, to their own detriment and that of any laborers with whom they came in contact.

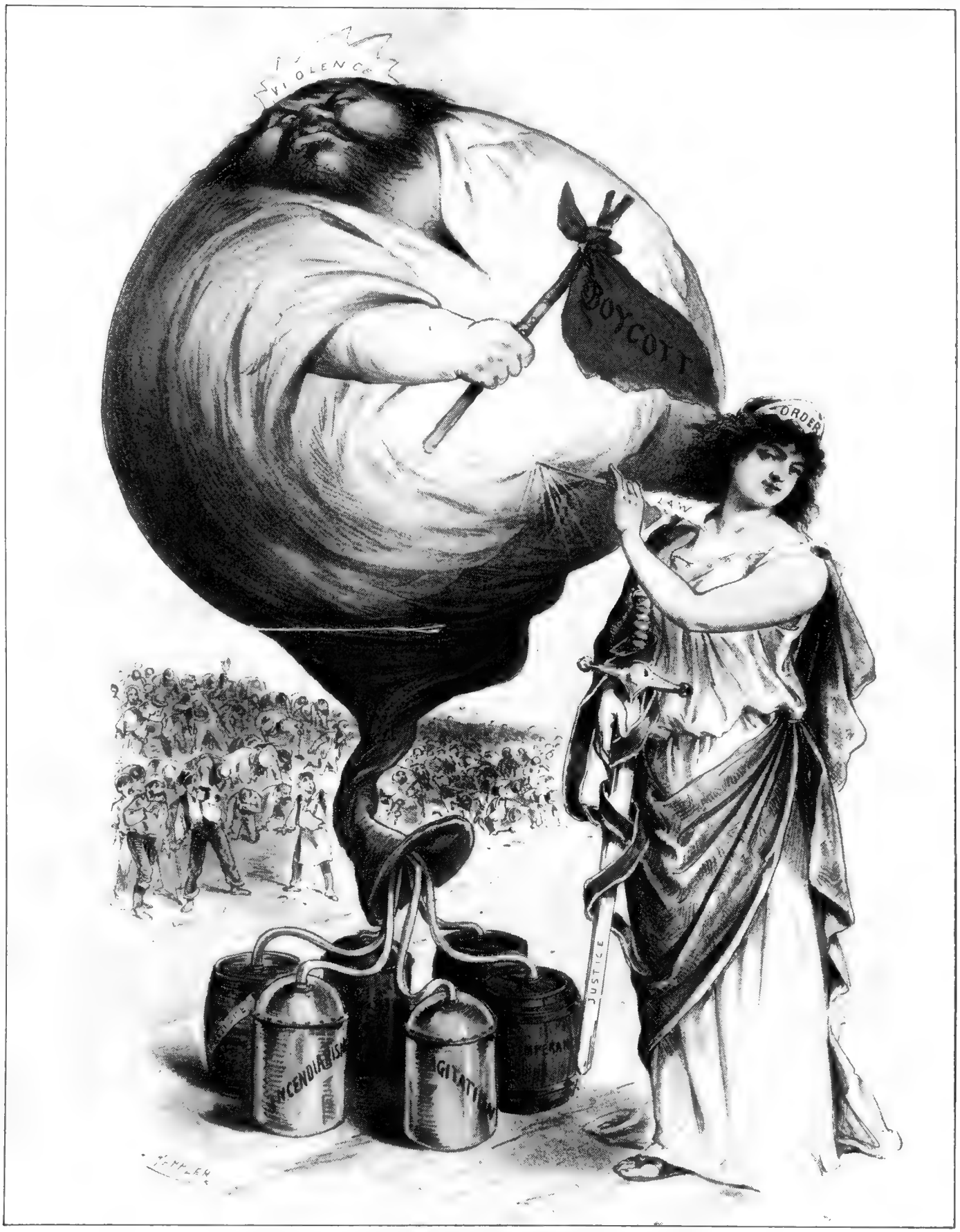
Then, straight from the pages of William Graham Sumner, came a rejection of the consipracy theory of labor ills:

> *"If you had this knowledge which is possessed by the successful men whom you call Capitalists, you would know something that would save you a great deal of time and trouble and money. You would know that there is a law of Nature which provides for the Survivial of the Fittest . . . Your foreman [Puck wrote, still addressing Smith] is getting four dollars a day. The cashier in the counting-room gets $2000 a year. Your employer nets $20,000 annually. The man who invented the machines you are making has made a fortune of*

Joseph Keppler was never better than when he depicted revolutionary situations, fraught with imminent mayhem. This is perhaps one of his less reasoned presentations labor-issue arguments, but it is a powerful comment, from *Puck*. N.B.—What appear to be strings in the centers of some *Puck* cartoons are strings. Magazines in the 1880s were bound by hand with thread instead of staples.



THE LATTER-DAY LORD OF MISRULE.
Have Our Forefathers Thrown Off the Yoke of King George Only That We May Bow Down Before King Boycott?



THE BIG BOYCOTT WIND-BAG

Order.—It looks very formidable; but I think you will find that this little instrument will soon make it collapse.

half-a-million dollars out of perhaps one year's work. What law is there that forbids you to do what any one of these men has done, or to gain what any of these men gains? None, save the law of your own making—the law of the trades-union."

The magazine was able to cite examples of union workers being forced to strike for *lower* wages in order to be at parity with less-skilled fellow workers, and how set wages allowed poorer hands to lower the average wage at the expense of dedicated workers.

Puck continued to peg away at George and Powderly, but after George lost the mayorality his theories seemed ever more parochial; and between competitions within labor, the public's revulsion after Haymarket, and the rise of more moderate voices, T.V. Powderly devolved into being the leader of a faction rather than a movement. Then *Puck* pursued lieutenants like Martin Irons, labor agitator, and Herr Johann Most, anarchist.

OUR MANIFESTO.
If you dare to draw pictures that displease US—
If you dare to have opinions of your own—
If you dare to speak disrespectfully of King Boycott—
We will show you that you are in the Land of the Free and the Home of the Boycott, and that you can do as you please—if it suits US.
PUCK OFFICE

PUCK'S PLEASANT PROSPECT.

With a prominent New York union threatening to urge a labor boycott of *Puck*, editor Bunner thumbed his nose in text and cartoonist Keppler ridiculed the possible outcome.

THE SUCKERS OF THE WORKING-MAN'S SUSTENANCE.

THE MEPHISTOPHELES OF TODAY—HONEST LABOR'S TEMPTATION.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

Two views—Top in *Puck's* eyes, Bottom in *Judge's* (drawn by Victor Gillam)—of the illusory promises Henry George's theories held out to the labor movement.

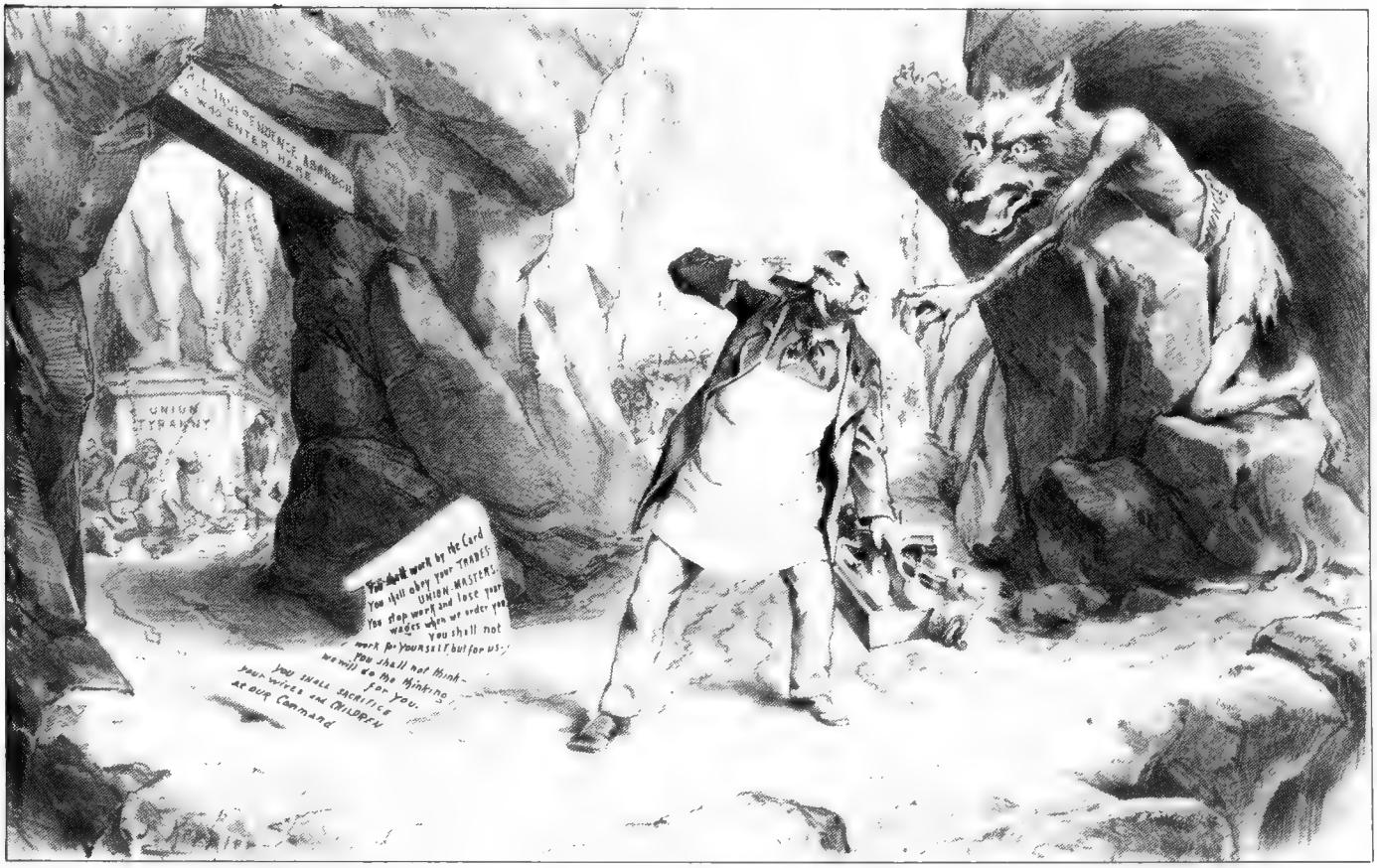
THE NEW ALLY OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. —DOE

What Cardinal Gibbons calls "Taking the Part of the Weaker

At a time when old-stock American tolerance was being stretched thin, the Catholic Church, church of many new immigrants, often sided with radical elements in the labor movement. Keppler, though an Austrian Catholic immigrant himself, frequently attacked the Romish intrusion into politics and the American educational system.

ES THE CATHOLIC CHURCH SANCTION MOB LAW?
"—the Knights of Labor—"against the stronger"—the Scab.

"For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."


You shall work by the Card
You shall obey your TRADES UNION MASTERS
You stop work and lose your wages when we order you
You shall not work for yourself but for us
You shall not think for you. We will do the thinking
You shall sacrifice your wives and CHILDREN at our Command
UNION TYRANNY

BETWEEN SLAVERY AND STARVATION.

But mostly, after the violent days of 1886, *Puck* took off after monopoly capitalists—the Trusts. Keppler's most famous cartoon, drawn in 1889, showed the moneybag-trusts packing the Senate gallery, lording over their slaves, the U.S. senators. As conspiratorial-sounding as any socialist, *Puck* saw the power of the monopoly interests behind the policy of high protective tariffs.

Free trade and tariff reform became the magazine's next great crusades. It saw the policy of high tariffs (which was embraced by both political parties until late 1887) as ignorant and disastrous—especially to the working man. In the 1888 presidential campaign *Puck* even issued a reprint of editorials and cartoons as a virtual textbook on this vital but rather arcane subject. *Puck* saw its crusades as more than fodder for mudslinging cartoons; it was engaged in an ongoing series of public-service campaigns and—in cartoons and text—it took the responsibility seriously.

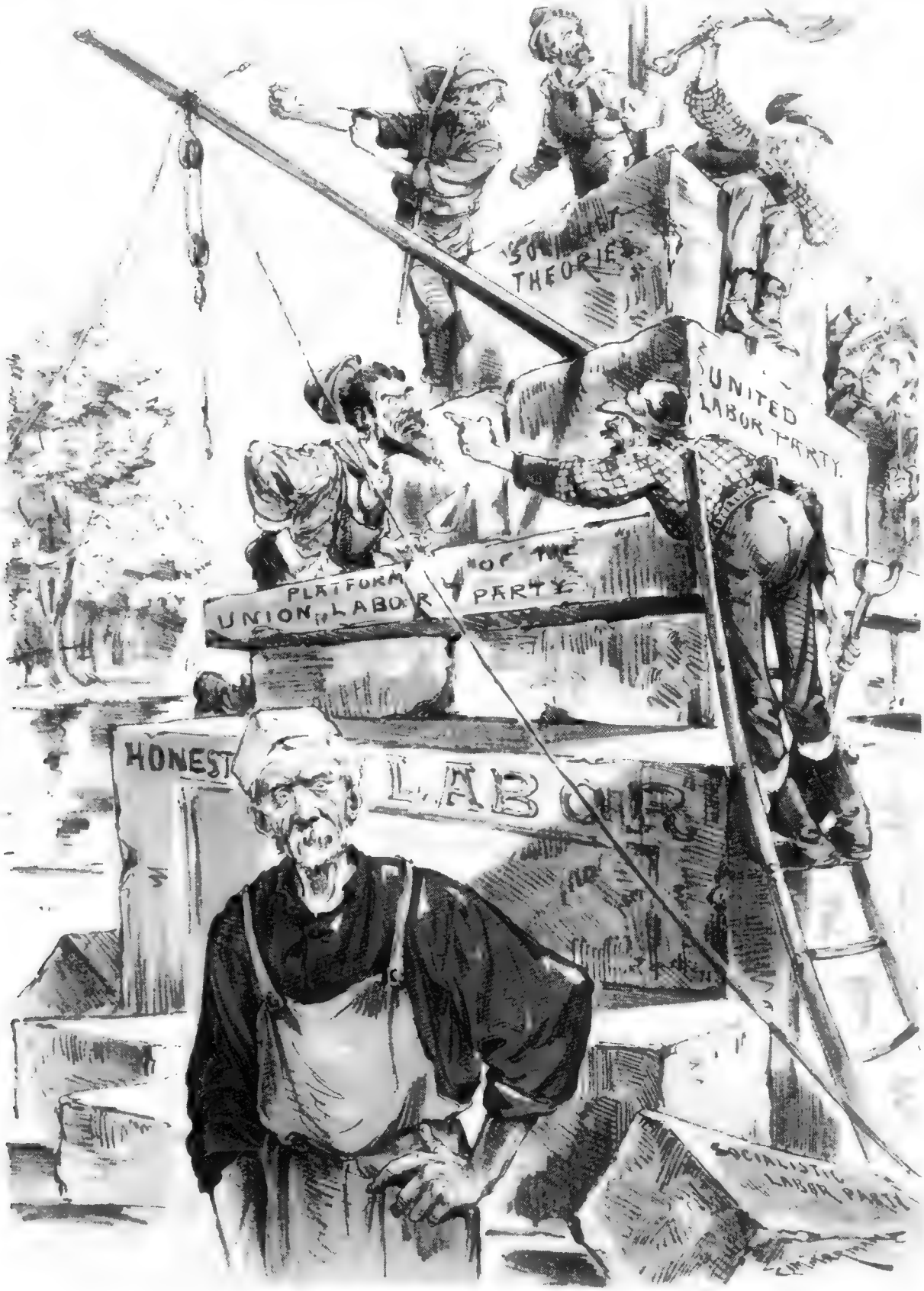
It is interesting to note, however, that there are nuances in any argument, and there were some too, in the pages of *Puck* and the other cartoon magazines while they lectured the laborer and reasoned with the public. Very simply, the magazines had different axes to grind. *Puck*, since 1884 a Democrat magazine, had special reason to oppose the rise of the labor parties, which drew mainly from Democrat ranks. . . and for this reason *Judge*, a Republican organ, portrayed Henry George a little more respectfully and respectably than it might otherwise have done. It was also why, for instance, Republicans and Machine Democrats treated the scoundrel Ben Butler with respect in 1884 when he mounted a presidential bid for a variety of crackpot constituencies. The Republicans' Achilles Heel in this manner was the defection of Prohibitionists and Women's Suffrage advocates from their ranks—so *Judge* often gingerly avoided offending those groups.

On the labor question, *Puck* did not confine itself to cudgeling and cajoling; it also advocated. In the case of labor unrest, it saw arbitration as the solution to a volatile mixture of grievances (many of them, on each side, legitimate) and land-mines that jeopardized the future.

Puck was not so utopian as to see the simple panacea of labor arbitration as a prescription for universal brotherhood, but it did believe that a middle course was in the best interest of labor in redress of its current complaints, of capital in its ultimate self-interest, and of society in its long-range security and commitment to justice. Through the years—through periods of excess on the sides of labor and management—arbitration has indeed been one tool that has led to harmony.

In these days of waning union influence, declining union membership, of the resurgence of open shops and right-to-work laws, and the revelations of union corruption and racketeering, it is interesting to note that exactly 100 years ago the union movement received its rockiest and perhaps strongest impetus. It was a day of great unrest and ferment, spawned by a period of great injustice and a system with serious inequities.

As America and her workers found a reasonably just and amicable path out of the darkness, it is wonderful to note that cartoons were there to light the way. n



THE LABOR TOWER OF BABEL

Workingman.—"I laid the foundation, but the confusion of tongues will prevent its completion!"

Eugene Zimmerman (Zim) of *Judge* commented in 1887 on the working man's plight in trying to establish political action; labor parties were fragmented and beset by rivalries that were, of course, ultimately fatal to to an independent, partisan voice.

Jimmy And

In its early years, *Little Jimmy* was an endless variation on the boy being diverted from errands. But James Swinnerton was to have other plans for little Jimmy.

Any form worthy of survival is a form that can be exploited; e.g., handled, stretched, mishandled, its boundaries tested and shifted. Form in itself is the illusion of fixity given to that which is mutable and plastic—the encounters of practice with eventuality. In time, if permitted, practice will outweigh eventuality, its very thickness creating its own supplement to experience. At such time, form congeals; and at such times an act of defiance and sacrilege is indicated.

James Swinnerton, whose career breasted that of American comic strip art, offers a kind of one-man instruction course in boundaries, and how much mobility they can be permitted while continuing to maintain themselves as boundaries. His *Little Bears* (California cubs which later, in deference to New York City's political climate when he moved East, became *Little Tigers*) was a single-panel cartoon feature, peopled with the toy-like animals in various settings and pantomimes. From there to the block format (two panels on two panels on two panels) of his *New York American* years; from the nursery-like charades of the bears and tigers to the miniature lecheries of *Mr. Jack;* to the gravely humorous, all-encompassing childhood of perhaps his most famous feature, *Little Jimmy* (done eventually in the across-the-page "strip" format which he helped to evolve)—throughout this little chronicle of cartoon history and technique. Swinnerton holds to the frames and ceremonies of illustration. Through this holding of outposts he retains a hypnotic fluidity of space within the odd, heatless sunlight that pervades his drawings. There is an insidious fluency that infiltrates not only compositions, but characters and situations.

Although the sixty and some-odd years' career brought its own simplifications and corner-cuttings, Swinnerton's drawing at its most memorable presents a face of almost doll-like blankness to the world. Large-headed little animals (their minikin bodies sporting either costumes or contemporary styles); large-headed little children, whose faintly mask-like faces with double-circle eyes increase the haunting uncertainty as to their actual age. These kids, like the tigers and bears, however, fan out in smiles of surprising virtuosity for such simple-looking arcs: they can be apologetic, or amicable, or—often—of a lunatic self-complacence. In conversation, the people lean towards each other as though their heads were magnetized. Some of Swinnerton's most amusing panels result from these children running about on their stumpy little legs, like turtles dancing. And throughout Swinnerton's career—possibly his most notable and enduring trait—all personae speak with quote-marks enclosing their dialogue: the emblem of Swinnerton's shy, comic decorum.

The last thing one should expect of this Kewpie-like repertory and this gently archaic style ought to be an almost total lack of sentimental coyness; but, withal, James Swinnerton is totally immersed in his creation, meaning that the gentleness and gentility and formalism are all Swinnerton's earnests of his own presence in his work, and

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 # 1 in a series: Focus on a Founding Father

Company

meaning that this embodies last-ditch resistance to the waste and shrivelling—the emotional mold—that we usually call sentimentality or cuteness.

Little Jimmy is full of sweetness and good manners, but it is also full of orneriness, demandingness, people who yank and wrench at their betters' brute endurance, and patience, like a salesman demonstrating latex underpants. And *Little Jimmy*, with all its just-short-of-prissy quietness, is a signal achievement, I think: a comic strip supposedly centered on a little boy—more contemplative than Skippy, less chillingly ambiguous than Orphan Annie—through whom we see an adult world of willful boorishness, lechery and tiny violences trafficking.

Throughout the various configurations of his panels, Swinnerton deploys almost-empty space as austerely and suggestively as, say, the earlier sculpture of Robert Morris. He evolved throughout his career a horizontal, mural-like composition, in which the background—California desert or small-town street—runs flat as a tape behind the figures; and the figures themselves seem etched as much as drawn, in a methodical, all-but-shadowless line whose main function seems to be emphasizing the space between the characters, and between the characters and settings. A fierce balance of patience and anxiety seems to prevail in Swinnerton's drawing; I constantly receive an image of him musing over every line like the chessplayer over his next move. Each panel, true to illustrative principles, catches an action at its central point in suspension, rather than the process, of action. Practically no speed images—whizzing lines and such—nor illusory effects; every action sequence is centered in the placement and attitudes of the figures.

The effect of such etching-like impaction is a series of minute episodes which are almost over as soon as they begin; and which typify the somewhat stiff-kneed dance rhythm that permeates the whole of Swinnerton's work. One receives from such work not the interlocking actions of *Moon Mullins*, but a procession of tableaux whose participants appear time after time in the same eye-level, frieze-like arrangement, sometimes several of them struggling out through one ribbon-like panel. This stretching of time and space, day after day, leads one to wonder how much can happen, when such limited space is so attenuated. And, indeed, the flickers of action that occur, like little campfires spotted down a canyon, are definitely of secondary interest; the main concern is the odd, seeming-lethargic rhythm that Swinnerton sustains, with its lizard-like movements of covert alertness.

Throughout his life as a cartoonist, Swinnerton seems to have jealously gripped the conditions of his freedom in the earlier years of the *Examiner* and the *American* and the *Journal*, those years in which the drawings of Swinnerton or T.E. Powers or McGurk or Tad Dorgan were still treated as accompaniment or ornamentation to the newsprint terrain that bounded them. It was, I think, this very second-class existence that may have guaranteed the artistic freedom of the comic strips and panels of those decades, from the 1890s through the middle '20s. It was precisely being regarded as a mere illustration, gloss or doodle, that, I would propose, liberated the American cartoon—not merely the editorial cartoon, but the progressively diluted comic—by safeguarding it against

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ABOVE: **Jimmy Swinnerton.**

LEFT: **A self-caricature, 1906, drawn for cartoonist Gus Mager.**

form.

Swinnerton's own illustrative techniques represent not a form but a means of location, of constantly orienting himself for the maximum freedom of space and of imagination. And so did Swinnerton's contemporaries—T.E. Powers, with his skittish stick-figures; Dorgan's smirking political terriers; McGurk with his mock-elegant satirical sketches—make free with the whole terrain of informal observation that their classless class afforded them, not to mention the terrain of paper, the undictated visual surface which was still

(Continued on page 40)

By Donald Phelps

Donald Phelps

Swin

The chill sweetness of Victorian literature flavored the comic strips of James Swinnerton from the earliest of them I have seen—the lustful sallies of the Tammany-spirited tiger cub Mr. Jack—to the adventures and inquiries of that diminutive Gulliver-in-reverse, Little Jimmy, whom Swinnerton introduced in Hearst's *Evening Journal* at the turn of the century and who attended the closing end of Swinnerton's career as well—the little boy, ever watchful, reflective, marvelling—in the 1950s.

Little Jimmy's watchfulness was through eyes that were not of mere childhood, but of Nature peering through the child's gaze. Mr. Jack's funny, poky decorum (Mr. Jack tipping his beaver hat, and bowing, to a likely looking little tigress) repeatedly found itself in convulsive comic confrontation with the rough addresses of the familiar world. The watchfulness *and* decorum of Swinnerton's vein of mystery was inherent in the way his children and small animals would see—as we were shown—the world anew. Flickering but persistent in Swinnerton's young work are side-glints of the vision, garden-size but unflinching, that guided the verse of Stevenson, Ralph Hodgson, Walter de la Mare, or the rustling, intrigue-scented Wonderland of Henry James's *What Maisie Knew*.

However, any comic strip's claims to style must emerge from the way it faces the challenge of perpetuity. Swinnerton's *elan* was fashioned in the thick, gritty atmosphere of the neighborhood where Big and Little Jimmy both advanced their careers, the rank jauntiness of the *Journal*'s sports pages. Mr. Jack's ill-starred cockiness, his slangy swagger, announced an affinity with the grinning, in-the-know repartee-spurting dog/men of the sports section's amiable and youthful patriarch, Thomas Aloysius Dorgan (remembered as cartoonist and emblem-forger of 1920s style by his acronymic, TAD). TAD's cartoon community comprised a doggy elite: his urban wits, con artists, stooges, and foils, whether canine (as in *Silk Hat Harry's Divorce Suit* and the raffish excursions of Judge Rummy, Fedinck, and TAD's average guy, Mr. Bunk) or human, as in *Indoor Sports* and *Outdoor Sports*, all shared a scoffing criticism and a congenital satiric identification of everyday weakness and errors—every exchange delivered in TAD's coin of the realm: memorable freshly-minted slang phrases like "Baloney," "Give 'im the office," "He takes the fur-lined bathtub," and such, flipped from animal and human mouths, and even from TAD's cavorting colophon-signature.

These features of TAD's work bespeak, of course, that brilliant man's distillation of a style, and a *sense* of style, that made articulative, usable, and, as I infer, bearable, the world of the early Twentieth century in which he strove and thrived. So, to be sure, does the work of Jimmy Swinnerton; however (as noted in the major essay herewith) it employed some of TAD's architecture—skepticism, reflex-swift observation, inherently gentle playfulness—but constructed its own edifice, with intermittent flares of nursery mischief, and interpreted by Swinnerton's extraordinary vision of small, casually presented oddities and occasional miracles of the familiar world. Swinnerton's style was more a fortress of serene scrutiny, full of eye-slots for the double circlet eyes of Jimmy and his friends; a fortress against instances of horrendous shyness (as of the stammering Englishman Mr. Batch, and of the floundering suitors of Jimmy's pretty cousin) and against the incessant mating-maneuvers of Mr. Jack.

Yet it was a fortress wonderfully erected in Swinnerton's understanding of, and possession of, innocence. Swinnerton was one of the few American artists who lasted into the middle phase of the Twentieth century whose work bears the term "primitive" as a rightful legacy and not a ragamuffin's ball-costume (patches by Gucci), nor as an ID-badge at a convention of incompetents. . . and one of the still fewer number whose primitivism was not a greased slide into mere parochialism and creative stagnation. The very least—yet, basic—accomplishment of his art was a storytelling rhythm that seemed to monitor the very pulse of folklore: in which the generous deployment of space and the explosive flurries of action, chases, and scuffles function as in the distribution of lines and poetry. When Little Jimmy and his entourage removed, in the late '20s, to Swinnerton's beloved Southwest, to encounter and participate in the lore and magics of the Indian, then the cadence of fairy-tale and, sometimes, verse, became irresistible.

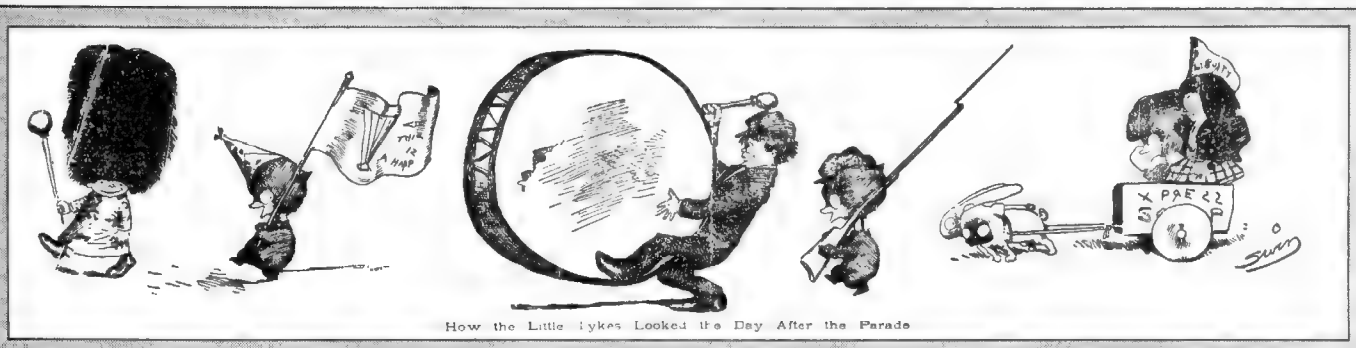
The prevailing tone that James Swinnerton conferred on his comic strips was one of kinship with nature. His affection for the squat little kids who cavorted and fought, but also watched and questioned, in his episodes was too candid—and his regard for their freedom, initiative, and self-respect too deeply lodged—for manipulation or sentimentality ever, ever to show themselves. He knew children to have been born matter-of-fact, the heirs of precision. A clear, consistent stream of influence might be traced, I think, from *Little Jimmy's* grave and independent style to both *Peanuts*, with its patina of chic knowingness, and to the bright, even-toned, and regrettably largely forgotten comic strip of the 1940s, *Barnaby*. Stevenson comes to mind as a comparable poet-journalist of children's stillness, in his lines about a boy digging holes in the sand.

Although Swinnerton ventured into fantasy during his Indian episodes—the confabs of medicine man and prairie dogs and bears; the mystic drum-beaters and the tree men—he never vainly presumed to use imagination in order to cosmeticize his original perception, the way in which the child and the world exchange their gifts of newness. The tree-man, with branches sprouting from fingers and toes, is no stranger nor more droll than Swinnerton's drawing of a tiny Scandanavian husband-to-be, his suit a wondrous imbroglio of wrinkles, his mustaches drooping disconsolately as he dangles like a charm bracelet from the arm of his jovial fiancee. I must add here that Swinnerton, through his style's disarming plainness and deliberation, was able to deliver some of the most extraordinary ethnic portraits in the medium—of the Scandinavian couple described above; the little Scottish boy who battles Jimmy for the honor of his kilts; and perhaps the most startling of all today, a towering Black man named Sam, whose comic affliction, and unfailing agent of disaster, was his instinct to laugh loudly and unashamedly at the grotesqueries and contrariness of white folks. In such depictions, whatever Swinnerton knew and/or sensed of social circumstance was kept well to the rear; what delightfully stuns me with each re-reading is a near-reverent curiosity that is sire to respect on Swinnerton's part. The shyness that recurs as the subject of his laughter, and seems so obviously a formative agent of his art, became also a conditioning agent for his patient, inquisitive, wondering—though neither sentimental nor credulous—study of his fellow man. The distinction of Swinnerton's ethnic sketches—the utter freedom from embarrassment and patronizing, obligatory kindess—is supplemented by the warmest, most encompassing, yet clear-eyed, fellowship.

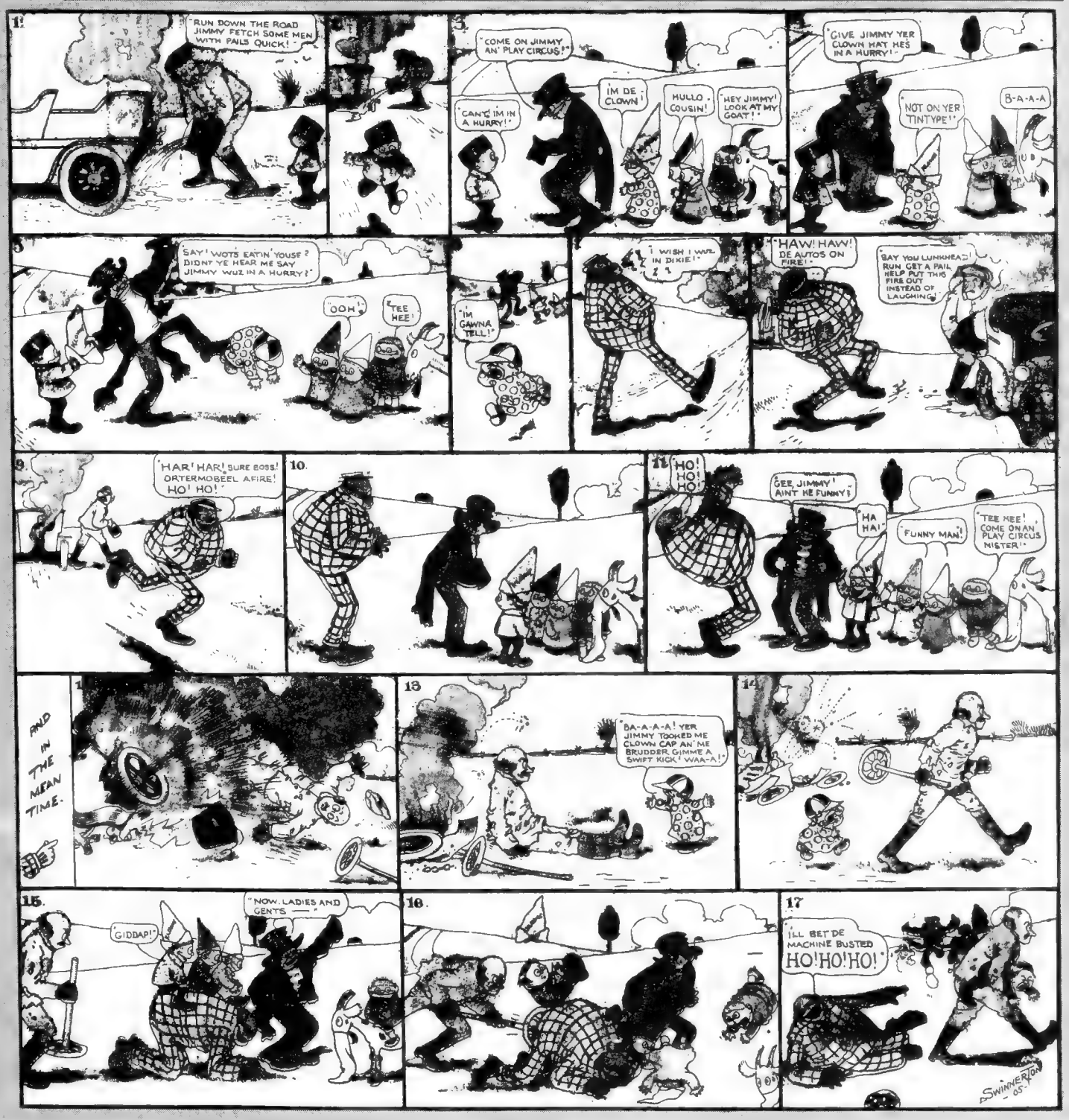
Always, the comic strip itself was the armature for Swinnerton's poetry; its bluntness and intermittent gusto furnished him, I think, with the medium for depicting innocence in all its shadings and mutations—often gauche, occasionaly cruel, not so infrequently havoc-wreaking. I remember one startling 1910 strip—it was displayed once or twice at the Whitney—of Jimmy and some of his friends mocking a deranged man who chants, grinning: "I am a lark! I am a boid!" However it was also a medium for the temper that *Little Jimmy* embodied more often—patient, pragmatic, tough-minded, yet deeply civil—and expressed his striving to maintain.

What folly to regret that such an artist never produced a novel, or story-sequences, or series of sculptures! He saw form for what it was: not a vessel or vehicle of sentiments, but an identity in itself, which, at best, embraces all other forms. He honored it as such. God maintain his soul.

—Based on reflections at the time of Jimmy Swinnerton's death (1975).



How the Little Tykes Looked the Day After the Parade


1.
"RUN DOWN THE ROAD JIMMY FETCH SOME MEN WITH PAILS QUICK!"
"COME ON JIMMY AN' PLAY CIRCUS!"
"CAN'T IM IN A HURRY!"
IM DE CLOWN!
HULLO - COUSIN!
"HEY JIMMY! LOOK AT MY GOAT!"
"GIVE JIMMY YER CLOWN HAT HES IN A HURRY!"
"NOT ON YER TINTYPE!"
B-A-A-A
"SAY! WOTS EATIN' YOUSE? DIDNT YE HEAR ME SAY JIMMY WUZ IN A HURRY?"
"OOH!"
"TEE HEE!"
"IM GAWNA TELL!"
"I WISH I WUZ IN DIXIE!"
"HAW! HAW! DE AUTOS ON FIRE!"
"SAY YOU LUNKHEAD! RUN GET A PAIL HELP PUT THIS FIRE OUT INSTEAD OF LAUGHING!"
9.
"HAR! HAR! SURE BOSS! ORTERMOBEEL AFIRE! HO! HO!"
10.
11.
HO! HO! HO!
"GEE, JIMMY! AINT HE FUNNY?"
"HA HA!"
"FUNNY MAN!"
"TEE HEE! COME ON AN' PLAY CIRCUS MISTER!"
AND IN THE MEAN TIME.
13.
"BA-A-A-A! YER JIMMY TOOKED ME CLOWN CAP AN' ME BRUDDER GIMME A SWIFT KICK! WAA-A!"
14.
15.
"GIDDAP!"
"NOW, LADIES AND GENTS ——"
16.
17.
"I'LL BET DE MACHINE BUSTED HO! HO! HO!"
SWINNERTON '05

available to them. This is not at all to suggest that they weren't as bound by deadlines and page-space, by demands for regimented production, as much as are their successors. But looking at their work today, from among the withered pods of so much desiccated comic art, I can feel an imaginative rapport with the world at large, which—apart from the obvious advantage of permitting occasional social-political comment (which, however, then as now, only the most daring used to much advantage)—allowed the artist to rally his own anxieties and cranks and obsessions and appetites, empressing them into a daily or weekly idiom; at best, more teasingly evocative than out-and-out funny.

Reading *Little Jimmy* or *Mr. Jack*, you can re-encounter that primary communion of hand and pen and paper that injected a child's apprehension of art into the beefy sports and politics of the old dailies. I have no precise idea of how far his influence may have reached; but, in a variety of correspondences and echoes, I think I can detect Swinnerton's close rapport with men like Frank King (*Gasoline Alley*), or J.R. Williams (*Out Our Way*); or, in its sedate seriousness, Crockett Johnson's popular '40s strip, *Barnaby*; in all of them, diverse as their voices are, the Southwestern or Midwestern sense of frontier space merges with the imaginative limbo of sheer blank paper.

In Swinnerton's comic strips people are constantly making advances that seem to be rejected more often than accepted; they resort to little ceremonies, rituals and protocols that are repeatedly capsized by some gnarl of human waywardness. One of Jimmy's adventures our West (a landscape to which the strip returns, eventually permanently, as did its author) involves the harassments of an Indian medicine man, a healer who cures the hornet-stings on a bear, only to be importuned by the bear to relieve his mate's cold. The hornets reappear to rescue the beleaguered shaman; but this time, demand that in repayment he cure the grandfather hornet's rheumatism. As we last see him, he is appealing to the earth spirits, whose emissary, a prairie dog, is explaining to him, in turn, that the hornets are not their domain; now, if they were mud wasps . . .

In another episode Jimmy meets a little Scottish boy, whose explanation of his kilts ("These are nae skurruts . . .") seems totally implausible, and results in a scuffle, which Jimmy wins. In the next day's return match, however, the Scottish boy triumphs; and Jimmy admits that the kilts would probably answer, if buttons were sewn on them and the legs divided. The young Scot buys him an ice cream on this handsome concession.

The enchanting clarity of such episodes comes from the clarity of Swinnerton's own commitment to them. Like the greatest of children's artists, for instance, he does not compromise his eye with either optimistic gookiness or cynicism. Everyone who can, or will, read these simple, though faintly mysterious characters, can get Swinnerton's message—that people or animals do return to their habitual natures, good or evil; that in so doing they run counter to many dictates of propriety or considerateness; that we should chiefly look forward to mending fences, wherever enough lumber is left us.

Yet *Little Jimmy* is by no means entirely a child's comic strip, except to the important extent that a child's directness and diffidence and anxieties are central to Swinnerton's art. Here again, he practices his art without bending it uniformly to the tone of any medium or the prescriptions of a form. Nor is he one bit concerned, as is Charles (*Peanuts*) Schulz, or Mell (*Miss Peach*) Lazarus, with creating a coy little pavilion world of "childhood" which is as precious and as adult-directed as anything out of the Victorian era. Swinnerton was invested in relating his fable-like stories through the child-hood-molded vision of a fairly complex and vulnerable adult.

So we have him delineating Little Jimmy's opposite number: Mr. Jack—a possible, more upper-class, grandsire of R. Crumb's Fritz the Cat—a pint-sized *roue* in silk hat and frock coat, flourishing a ubiquitous walking stick. Mr. Jack is a little tiger, as are the girls he squires, their fathers, and his circle of head-waiters, policemen, butlers and sporting fellow-bachelors; and each diminutive adventure is like a spray of New York City's swank, raunchy, tenderloin atmosphere in the early days of the century. The typical refrain of Mr. Jack's adventures is paying court; usually to some lovely tiger-girl, occasionally to some bootleg hootch. The portrayal of his escapades is more concentrated, linear and strictly pantomimed than *Little Jimmy*: but with some wonderfully funny riffs of sheer design and timing (one essentially—and typically—weak gag is reharmonized by a feline beauty, swaddled in furs, her single visible eye constantly shifting position). But the two strips' common current is that same strange interplay of shy decorum, all-but-mute sardonic humor, and unexpected flurries of sheer wildness which gives *Little Jimmy* especially its constant purr of fascination—an endless suspension between the rigors of illustrative convention and the protean wildness of line.

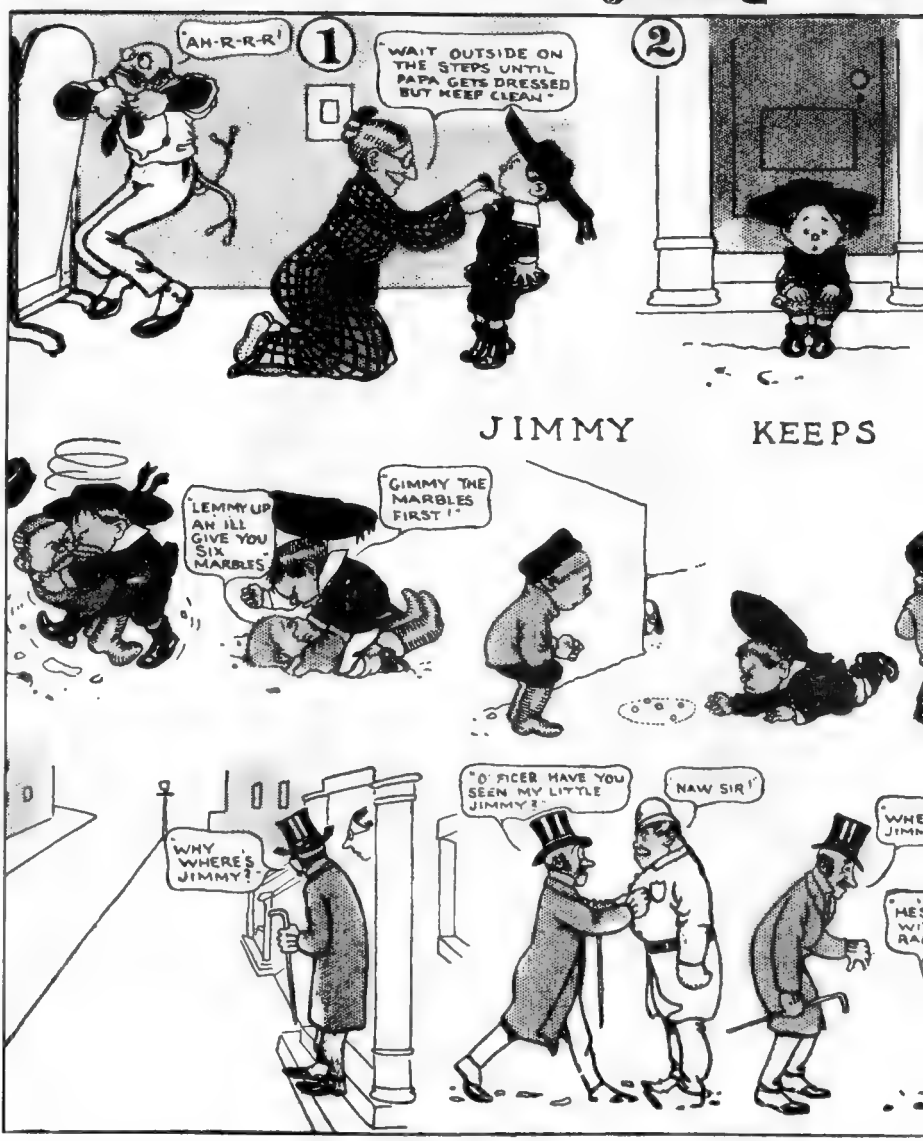
Little Jimmy, especially in the '20s and '30s, is full of animals who, while not the complete ensemble as in *Mr. Jack*, are important featured performers. They are the strip's pantomimists, its Id-figures: Jimmy's burly, Edgar Buchananish bulldog, Beans; his little friend Pinky's rooster; a Californian bear cub. Less inhibited even than the children, these animals enact the potential wildness of line that Swinnerton sparingly allows himself, subverting his own formalities. One notable character, during January of 1917, was a handsome Siamese cat, owned by one of the boys, which would get high on catnip. During such trips, it would commit such unfeline outrages as stealing the uniform off an organ-grinder's monkey; or else stroke its long, curling whiskers with the characteristic Swinnerton smirk at zenith.

Little Jimmy gives us James Swinnerton's most amusing and beguiling evolution of the hesitant, quirky harassed rhythm that he was developing throughout his and Jimmy's and the American comic strips careers: the rhythm that is the true content of Swinnerton's work, and the work of his best contemporaries and successors. *Little Jimmy* is often a series of interruptions, postponements, distractions—the tilting of formality. In one series of episodes, Jimmy's older cousin Cora (as good a looker as Swinnerton's little tiger-girls, and through almost equally economic means) is visited by a series of beaux who send Jimmy on a variety of errands from which he is repeatedly diverted. Once, an old codger conscripts Jimmy—and, eventually, the boy friend—to help him out with his daily crossword puzzle; at another time, a dog fight lures Jimmy, and he comes back with a pocket handkerchief instead of the sheet music requested.

The strip was far more text-laden than *Mr. Jack*; but the words themselves ran a sort of interference; dropping like a scrim curtain between the reader and what is going on. People—boys, mostly—untiringly comment on or interpret the action which we see; giving that action itself, simple as it is, a magical effect of suspension and of focus.

Little Jimmy is, at last, almost like an *exquise* of every American comic strip; from the great, blank, ever-accommodating Southwest desert in which the cast eventually made its permanent home, the desert which was the frontier of art, to the theme of interruption, postponement, endless delay—the theme of childhood's fantasies and its frustrations, with which Swinnerton made his gently restless peace. And this ever-interrupted, ever-suspended rhythm, more than gags or excitement, is *the* content, the sustenance, of comic strips of which James Swinnerton was the constant frontiersman, using the inherited furniture of illustrative art to set the outposts of his own space.

Jimmy—He


"AH-R-R-R!"
1
"WAIT OUTSIDE ON THE STEPS UNTIL PAPA GETS DRESSED BUT KEEP CLEAN."
2
JIMMY
KEEPS
"LEMMY UP AN I'LL GIVE YOU SIX MARBLES."
"GIMMY THE MARBLES FIRST!"
"WHY WHERE'S JIMMY?"
"O' FICER HAVE YOU SEEN MY LITTLE JIMMY?"
"NAW SIR!"

STAR—Following are examples of Swinnerton's major strip, *Little Jimmy*, 1904-1909. The feature ran until 1957, and frequently presented cameo appearances by other characters (such as the confirmed bachelor Mr. Batch) before becoming a Western-locale strip in the 1920s.

JIMMY—HE BRINGS P

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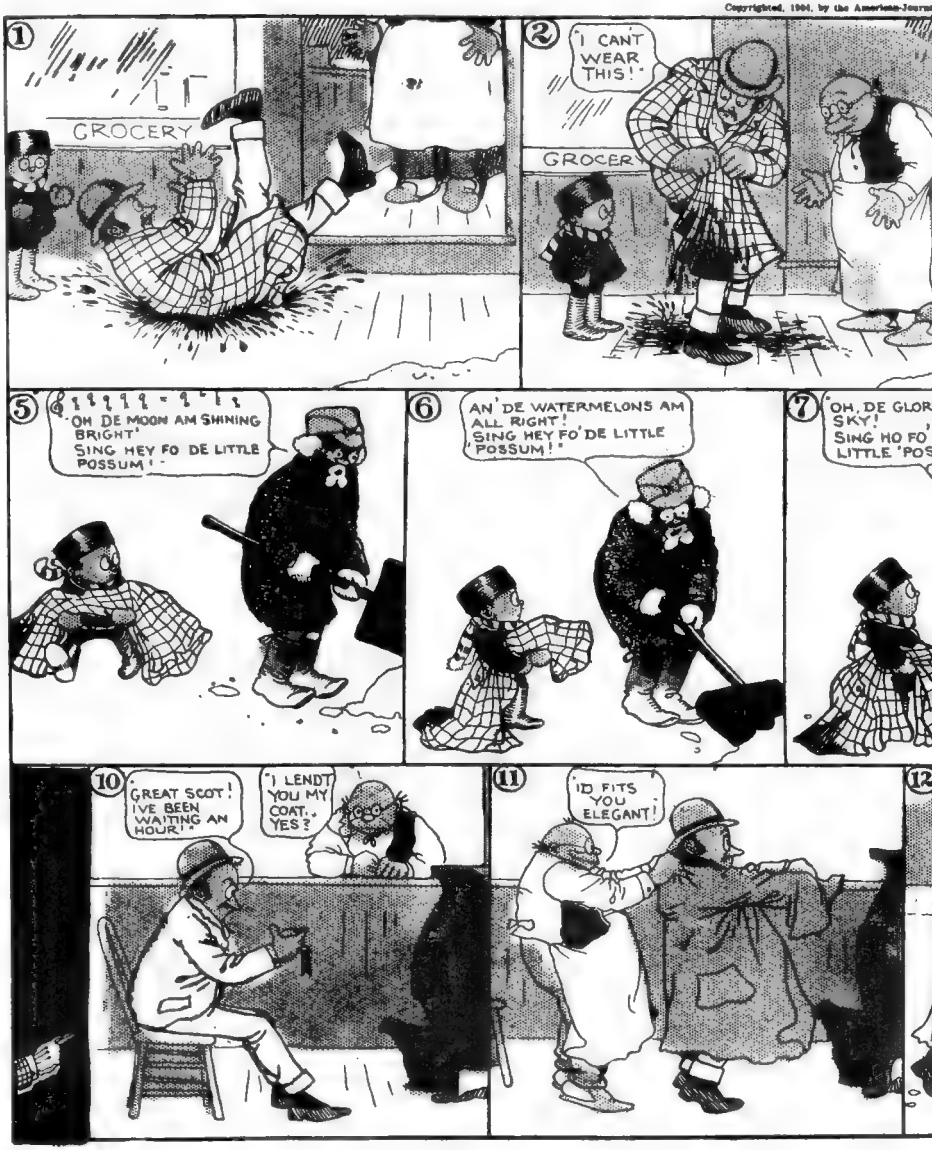

APA ANOTHER COAT!

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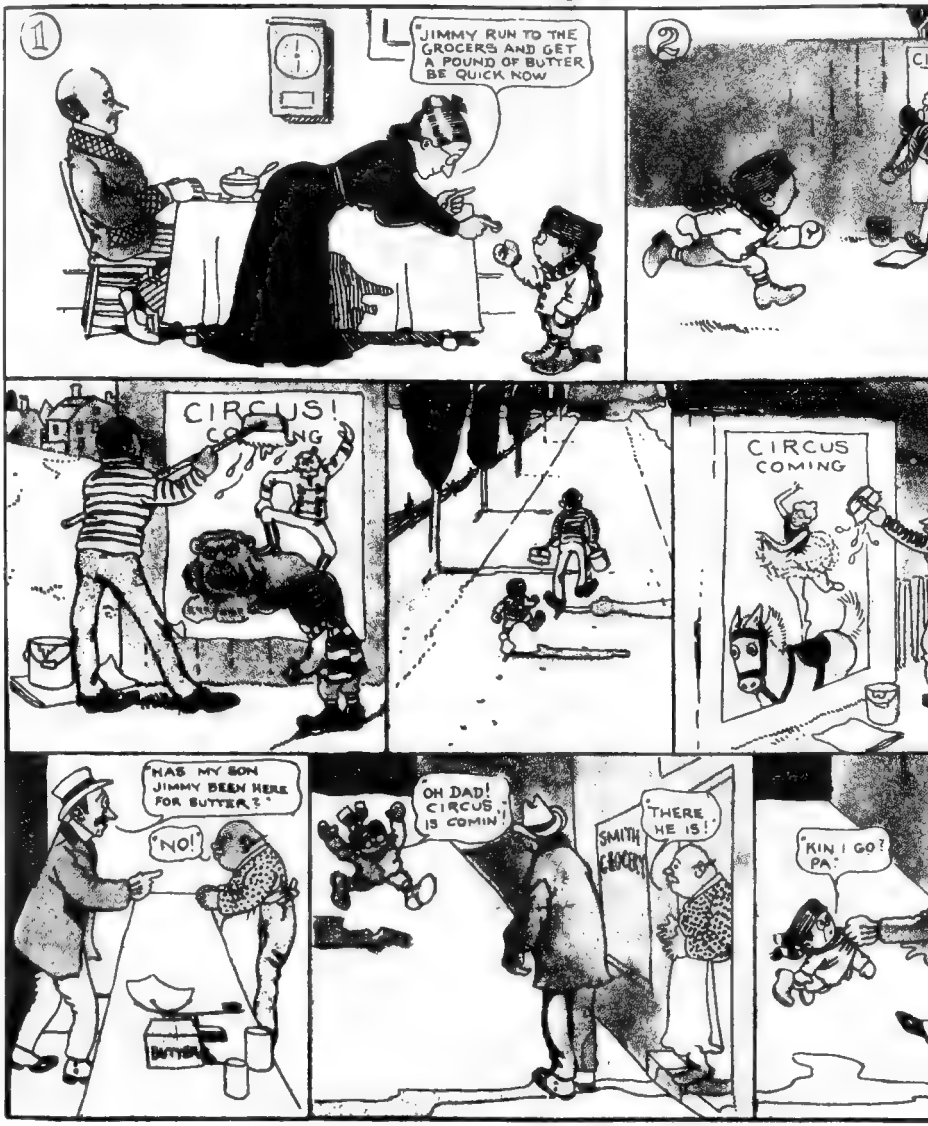
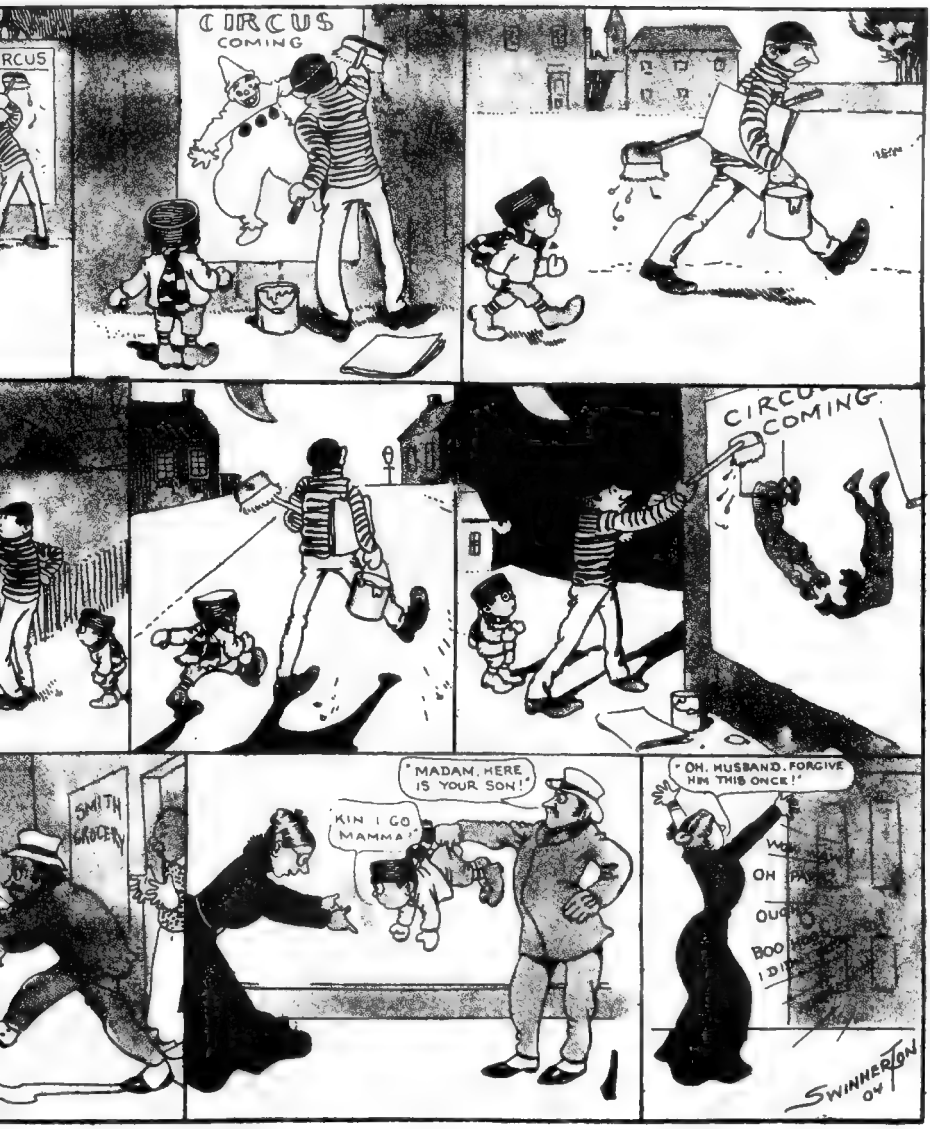
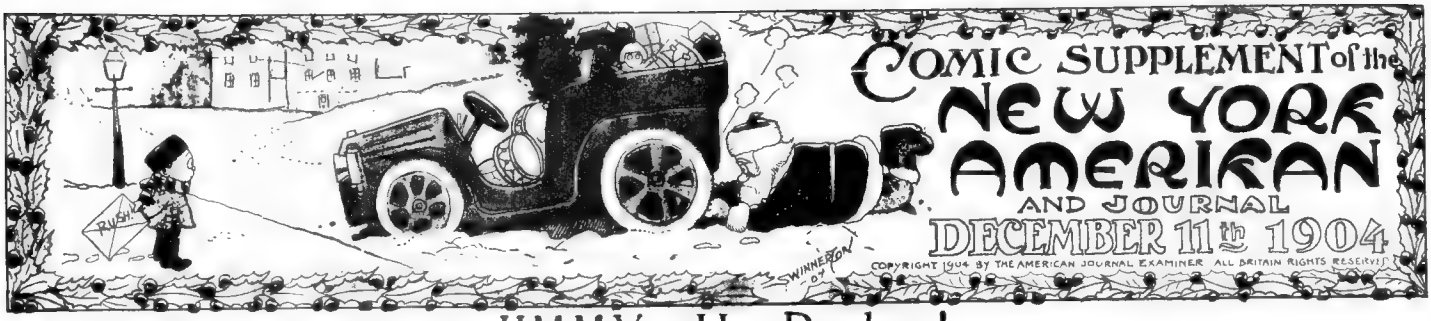
3
RUN HOME JIMMY AND GET ME ANOTHER COAT. ILL WAIT FOR YOU IN THE GROCERY.'
'COME IN DER FIRE BY.'
4
'I VUNCE IN DER ARMY VAS' YES'
YS IN DE
DE
SUM!'
8
'AN' DE PRICE OF HAM AM HIGH! SING HO FO' DE LITTLE POSSUM!'
9
'OH, MY GALS GOT DARK BROWN EYES! SING HO! FO' DE LITTLE POSSUM.'
GROCERY
13
'SING HO! FO' DE LITTLE POSSUM!'
14
'LITTLE POSSUM!'
SWINNERTON

Jimmy—He Go


1
"JIMMY RUN TO THE GROCERS AND GET A POUND OF BUTTER BE QUICK NOW"
2
CIRCUS!
CIRCUS COMING
"HAS MY SON JIMMY BEEN HERE FOR BUTTER?"
"NO!"
BUTTER
"OH DAD! CIRCUS IS COMIN'!"
"THERE HE IS!"
SMITH GROCERY
"KIN I GO? PA."

es for the Butter.





COMIC SUPPLEMENT of the
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DECEMBER 11th 1904
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JIMMY—He Rushes!

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1 I'LL COME DOWN THE CHIMNEY
I'LL HAVE JIMMY AT THE FIREPLACE TO MEET YOU WHEN YOU COME DOWN

2 SANTA CLAUS WILL BE DOWN THIS CHIMNEY IN A MINUTE

3 HELP! IM STUCK!

4 GET THE RED MAN WITH A ROPE TO PULL ME OUT OF THIS!
RUSH JIMMY! OH HURRY JIMMY! AND TELL SMITH TO BRING A ROPE
OOH! SANTA CLAUS TALKS LIKE PAPA!

5 HURRY UP! IT'S AWFUL IN HERE!
RUN AS FAST AS YOU CAN JIMMY!

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

AND IN THE MEAN TIME

13 KEEP UP YOUR COURAGE I'LL RUN FOR SMITH MYSELF

14 HELP! IM SLIPPING!

15

16 IM GOING OUT AND LOOK FOR JIMMY!
REMEMBER DEAR IT'S CHRISTMAS I'LL GO WITH YOU!

17 THERE'S THE LITTLE DARLING NOW!

18 COME TO MAMMA DEARIE!
OOH! LOOK AT SANTA CLAUS!

19 REMEMBER DEAR IT'S CHRISTMAS!

SWINNERTON '04

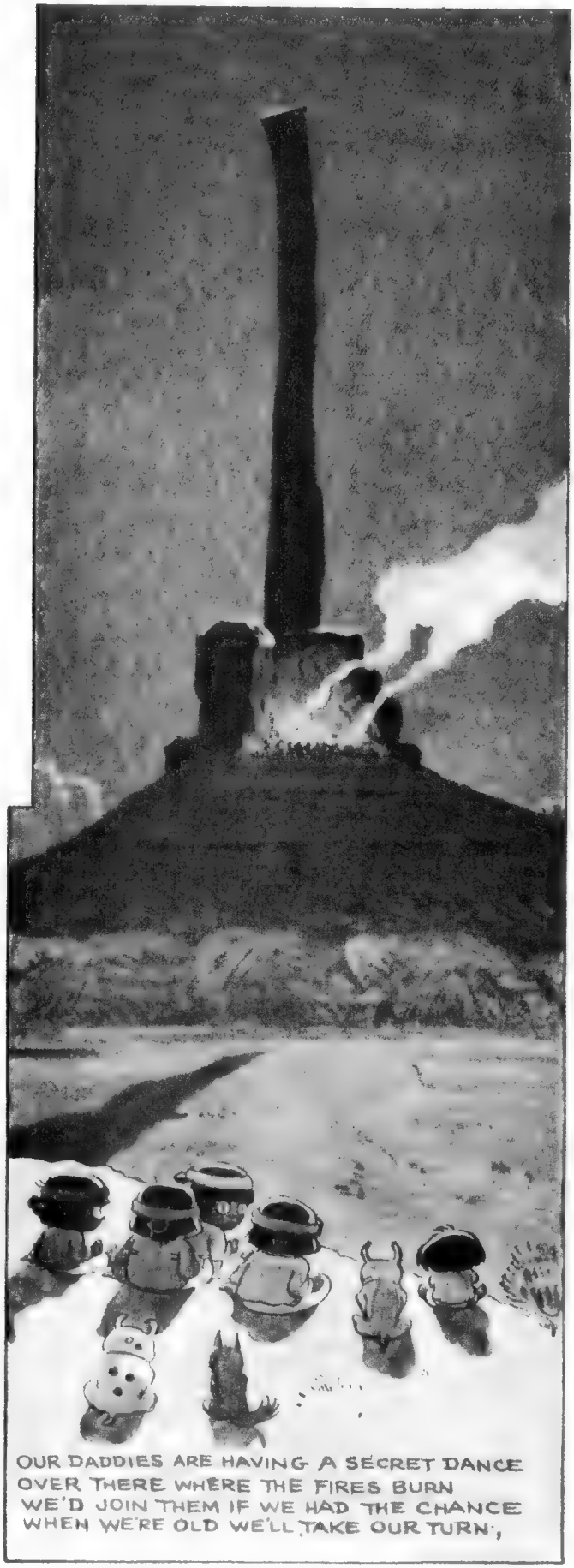
"GEE JIMMY! DE BASE-BALL GAME IS BEGUN. I KIN HEAR 'UM!"
"MAYBE WE CAN GET A BALL FROM OVER THE FEN' AN' GET IN."
BASE BALL TO-DAY
"BLAB"
2.
"HEY JIMMY! DERE'S A BALL."
"IT'S MINE I SAW IT FOIST!"
3.
4.
"MAYBE WE KIN ALL GET IN!"
"HEY! I SEEN IT FOIST."
"I TOUCHED IT FIRST!"
"BAW!"
5.
"I FOUND DE BALL!"
"HM! WELL, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO LET YOU ALL IN!"
"SO DID I!"
"ME TOO!"
TICKET OFFICE
6.
"WA-A-A-A-A-A"
7.
"WAA-A-A-A-A"
8.
"WAA-A-A-"
9.
"WAA-A-A-"
10.
"WAA-A-A-"
11.
"SH-H-H-H-H!"
"WAAAAA!"
12.
"WAW-W!"
13.
"GLUB."
14.
"I SUPPOSE I SHALL HAVE TO LOOK FOR AN OFFICER."
15.
"WHY! IT'S MR. BATCH!"
16.
"RIGHT O!"
"CONGRATULATIONS BATCH, OLD CHAP!"
"OH! I SAY!"
"IT'S BATCH ALL RIGHT!"
17.
"MY CHILD! HELP!"
CAB
18.
"OH YOU VILLIAN! YOU MONSTER! TO KIDNAP MY BABY!"
"OH - I SAY—"
"I SAY - IT'S ALL A MISTAKE, OFFICER."
"AR-R-R-DATS WHAT DEY ALL SAY!"
"WHY! IT'S MR. BATCH!"
"I GUESS HES A BURGLAR"
"WHATS THE MATTER"
"MAYBE HES A MURDERER"
"YOU MUST GIVE JIMMY A SEVERE SPANKING TO-NIGHT!"
"LEAVE THAT TO ME!"
CAB
SKINNERTON '09

The Thunder Bird is a tough old bird,
He causes the wind and rain.
Just how he does it I've never heard,
But he does it just the same.

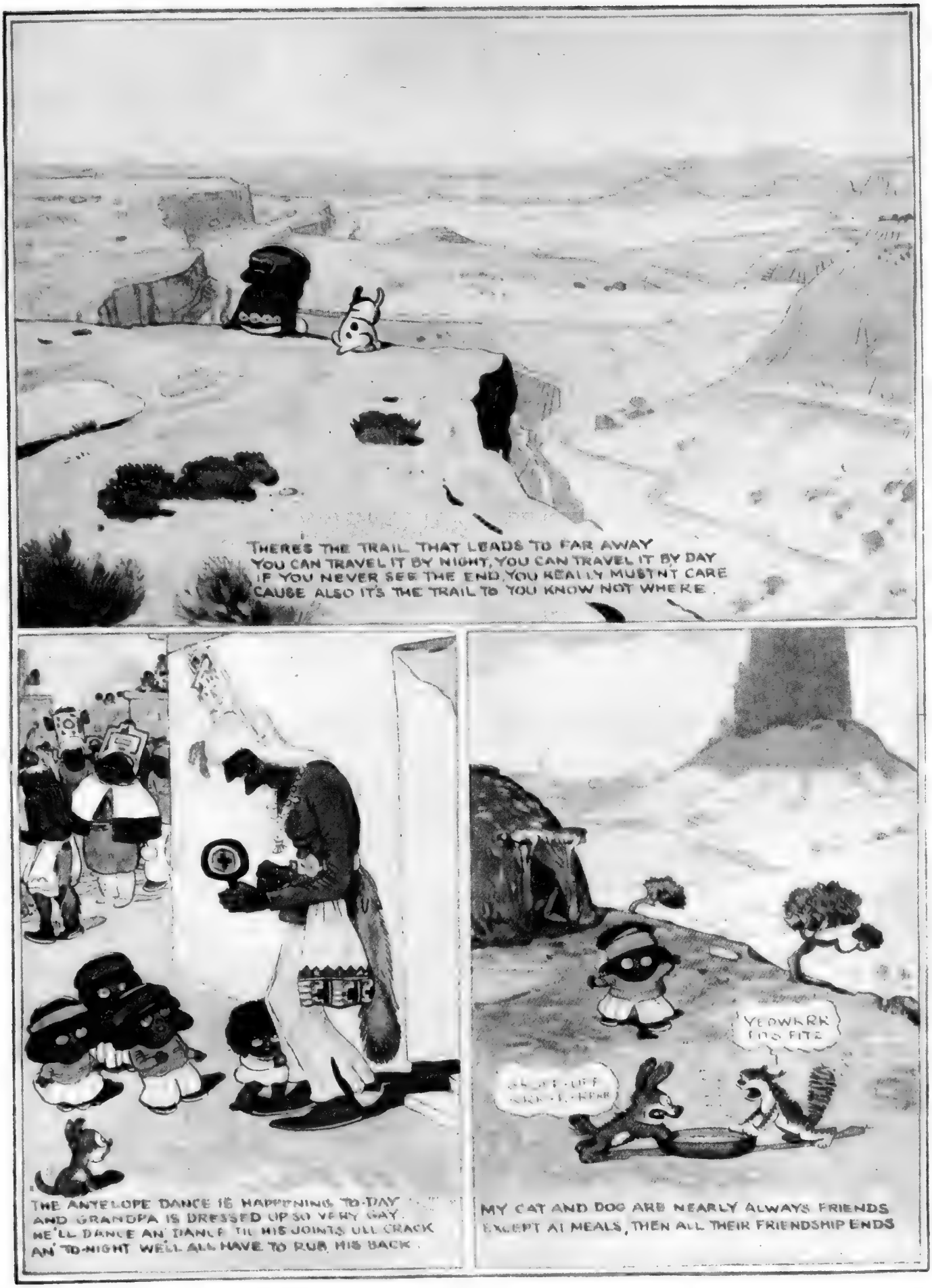
DOWN TO THE FIELDS WE GO
WITH A SHOVEL AND A HOE
OUR SEEDS WILL BE PLANTED SO
THEY WILL BUD AND LIVE AN' GROW
IN THE DESERT, ROW ON ROW.

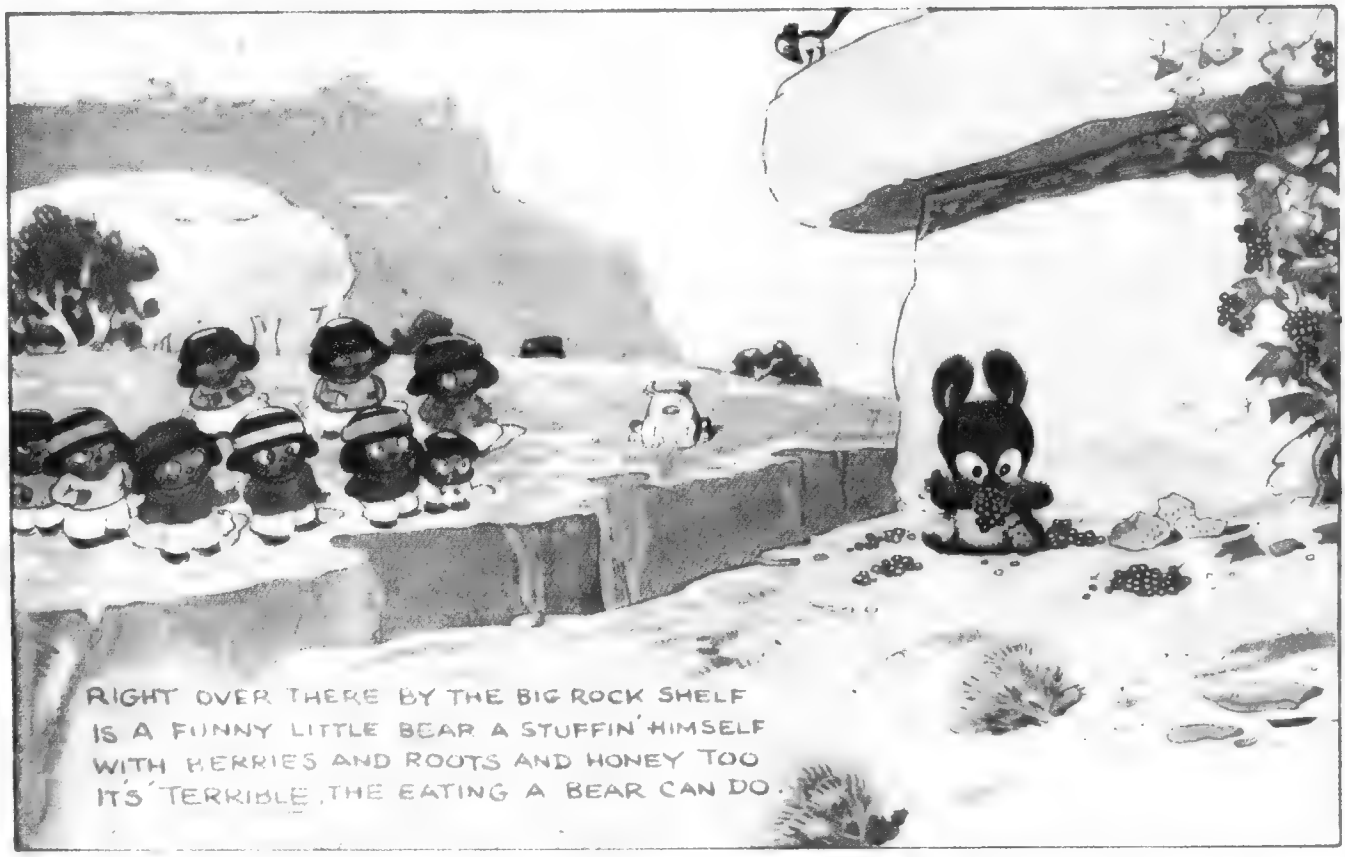
OUT WEST—The next four pages contain cartoon paintings from Swinnerton's beloved magazine series, *Canyon Kiddies*, ca. 1925-30.

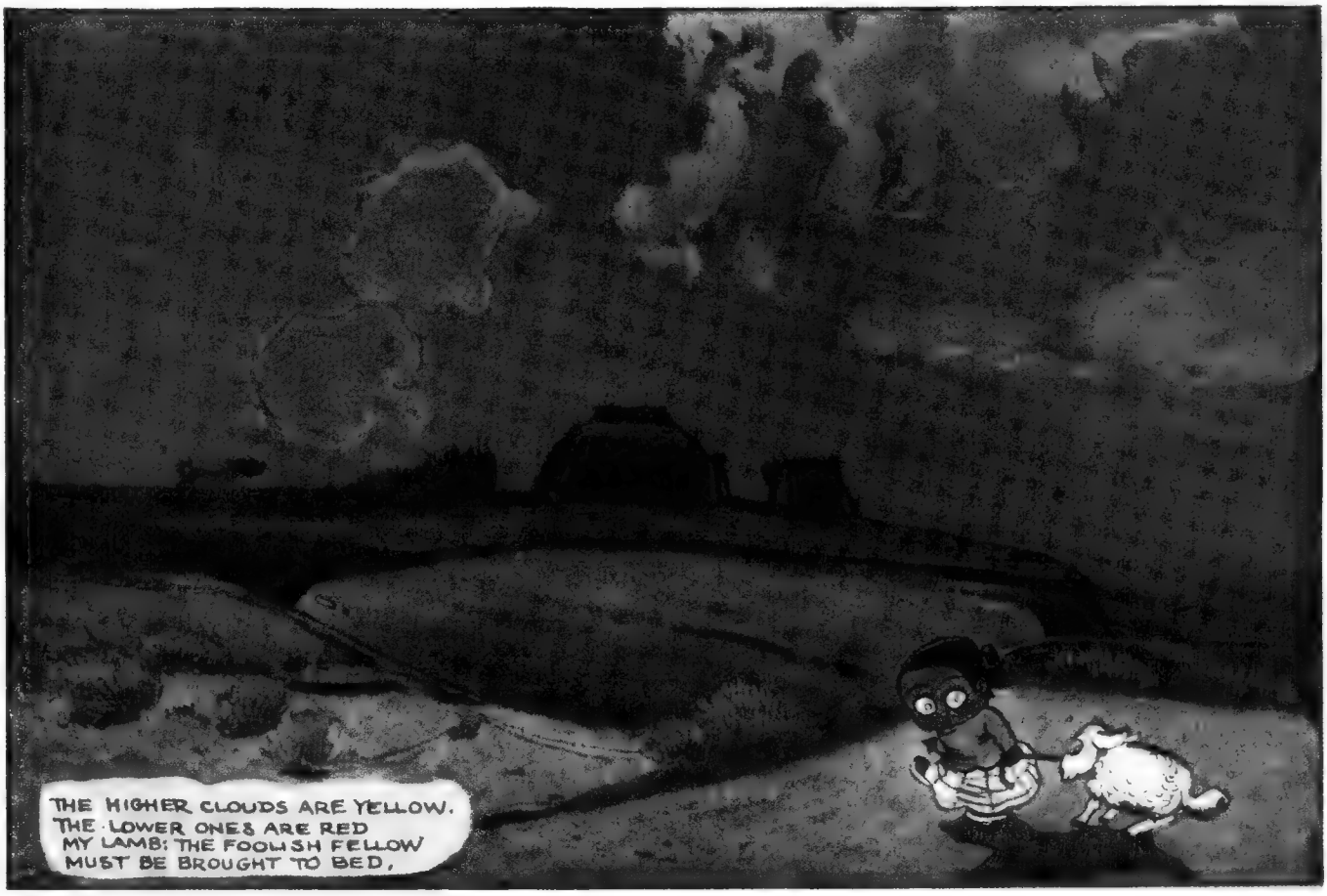
All *Canyon Kiddies* drawings from the collection of Rick Marschall


OUR DADDIES ARE HAVING A SECRET DANCE
OVER THERE WHERE THE FIRES BURN
WE'D JOIN THEM IF WE HAD THE CHANCE
WHEN WE'RE OLD WE'LL TAKE OUR TURN,

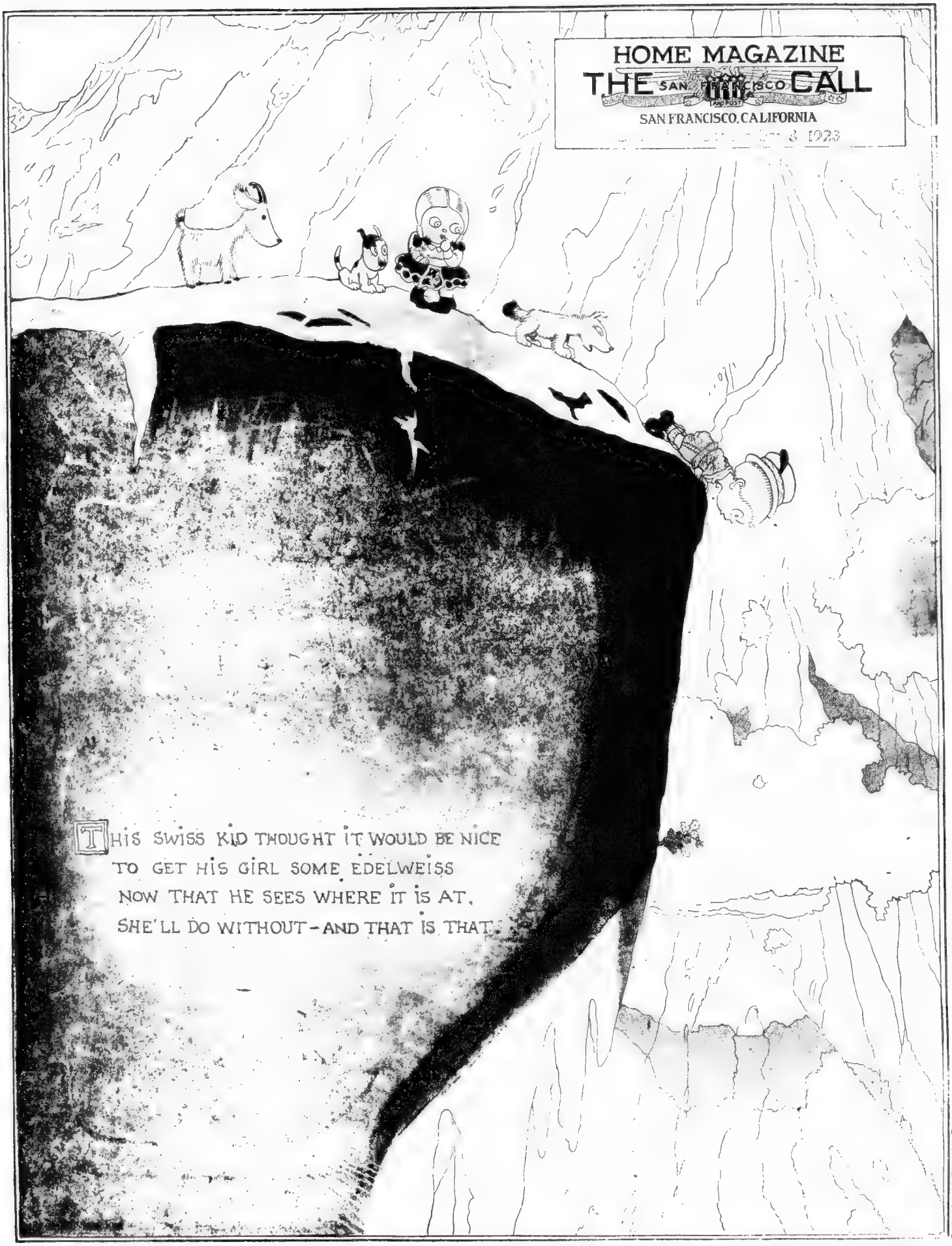
The Desert Terrapin loves to roam,
He travels the desert from rim to rim;
Yet never leaves his happy home,
Because it's fixed right tight to him.


THERES THE TRAIL THAT LEADS TO FAR AWAY
YOU CAN TRAVEL IT BY NIGHT, YOU CAN TRAVEL IT BY DAY
IF YOU NEVER SEE THE END, YOU REALLY MUSTN'T CARE
CAUSE ALSO IT'S THE TRAIL TO YOU KNOW NOT WHERE.
THE ANTELOPE DANCE IS HAPPENING TO-DAY
AND GRANDPA IS DRESSED UP SO VERY GAY.
HE'LL DANCE AN' DANCE 'TIL HIS JOINTS ULL CRACK
AN' TO-NIGHT WE'LL ALL HAVE TO RUB HIS BACK.
YEOWRRR
FIDO FITZ
MY CAT AND DOG ARE NEARLY ALWAYS FRIENDS
EXCEPT AT MEALS, THEN ALL THEIR FRIENDSHIP ENDS


RIGHT OVER THERE BY THE BIG ROCK SHELF
IS A FUNNY LITTLE BEAR A STUFFIN' HIMSELF
WITH BERRIES AND ROOTS AND HONEY TOO
IT'S TERRIBLE, THE EATING A BEAR CAN DO.


THE HIGHER CLOUDS ARE YELLOW.
THE LOWER ONES ARE RED
MY LAMB: THE FOOLISH FELLOW
MUST BE BROUGHT TO BED,

HOME MAGAZINE
THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL
AND POST
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
[illegible] 3 1923


THIS SWISS KID THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NICE
TO GET HIS GIRL SOME EDELWEISS
NOW THAT HE SEES WHERE IT IS AT,
SHE'LL DO WITHOUT - AND THAT IS THAT.

Collection of Blanche Pryor

HOME MAGAZINE
THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
Saturday, January 12, 1924

SEEING AMERICA LAST!—"At the Rainbow Bridge."

Collection of Blanche Pryor

NEW YORK HOME JOURNAL
Section of the New York Evening Journal Saturday, February 23, 1924
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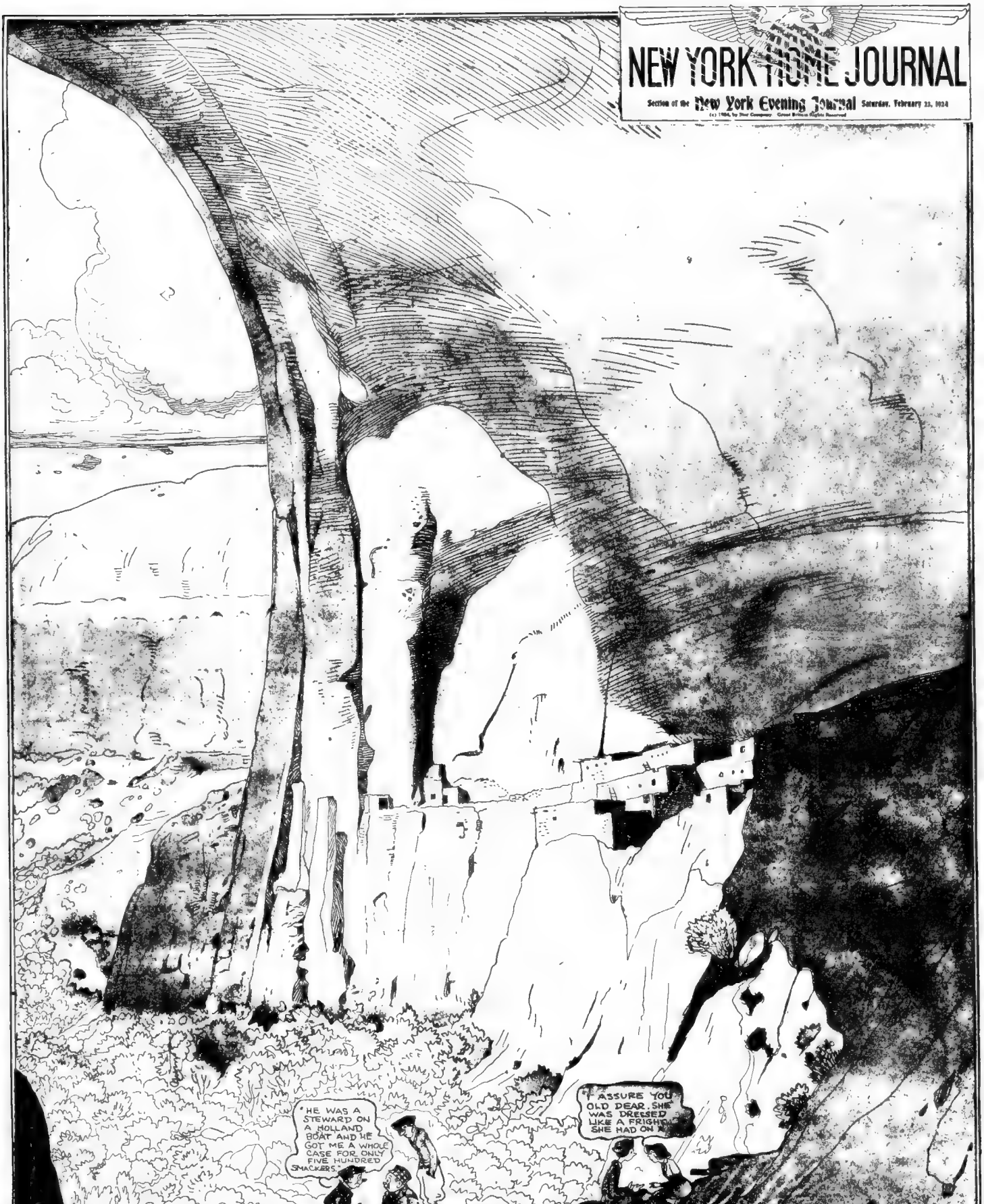

"HE WAS A STEWARD ON A HOLLAND BOAT AND HE GOT ME A WHOLE CASE FOR ONLY FIVE HUNDRED SMACKERS.
"I ASSURE YOU OLD DEAR, SHE WAS DRESSED LIKE A FRIGHT SHE HAD ON."

SEEING AMERICA LAST!—At the Prehistoric Ruins of Ba-Ta-Ta-Kin.

Collection of Blanche Pryor

NEW YORK HOME JOURNAL
Section of the New York Evening Journal Saturday, June 14, 1924

"HI YA DANNY!"
DANNY
"OH YOU DAWSIE!"
DAWES!
"HOORAY FER DANNIE!"
4TH WARD DANNY DAWES CLUB
DAWES THE WONDER MAN
"HI DANNY! REMEMBER ME?"
PENNANT
"OH YOU DANNY!"
"GOOD OLE DANNY!"
"MR DANNY DAWES. BY YOUR WISE AND TIMELY ADVICE AND DIRECTION, YOU HAVE MADE OUR CITYS BASE-BALL TEAM THE WINNER OF THIS YEARS PENNANT AND NOW AS MAYOR, REPRESENTING OUR METROPOLIS, I AM HONORED BY BEING THE ONE SELECTED TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS SLIGHT TOKEN OF OUR GRATITUDE AND ESTEEM."
"AS SOON AS HE TAKES IT — BLOW!"
TICK TICK TICK
"MISTER MAYOR, PLEASE GIVE IT TO ELIZABETH ANN HERE. SHE WAS THE ONE I DID IT ALL FOR AN' HONEST SHE'S THE ONE THAT OUGHT TO HAVE IT."
"AW DANNIE-EE!"
"HEY YOU OLE FOOL BIRD! WHATUD YOU WAKE ME UP FOR?"
"THROW THE BALL!"
"WHAT DID YOU BUMP ME FOR?"
"IT WUZ MY BALL!"
SWINNERTON

THE DAY DREAMS OF DANNY DAWES

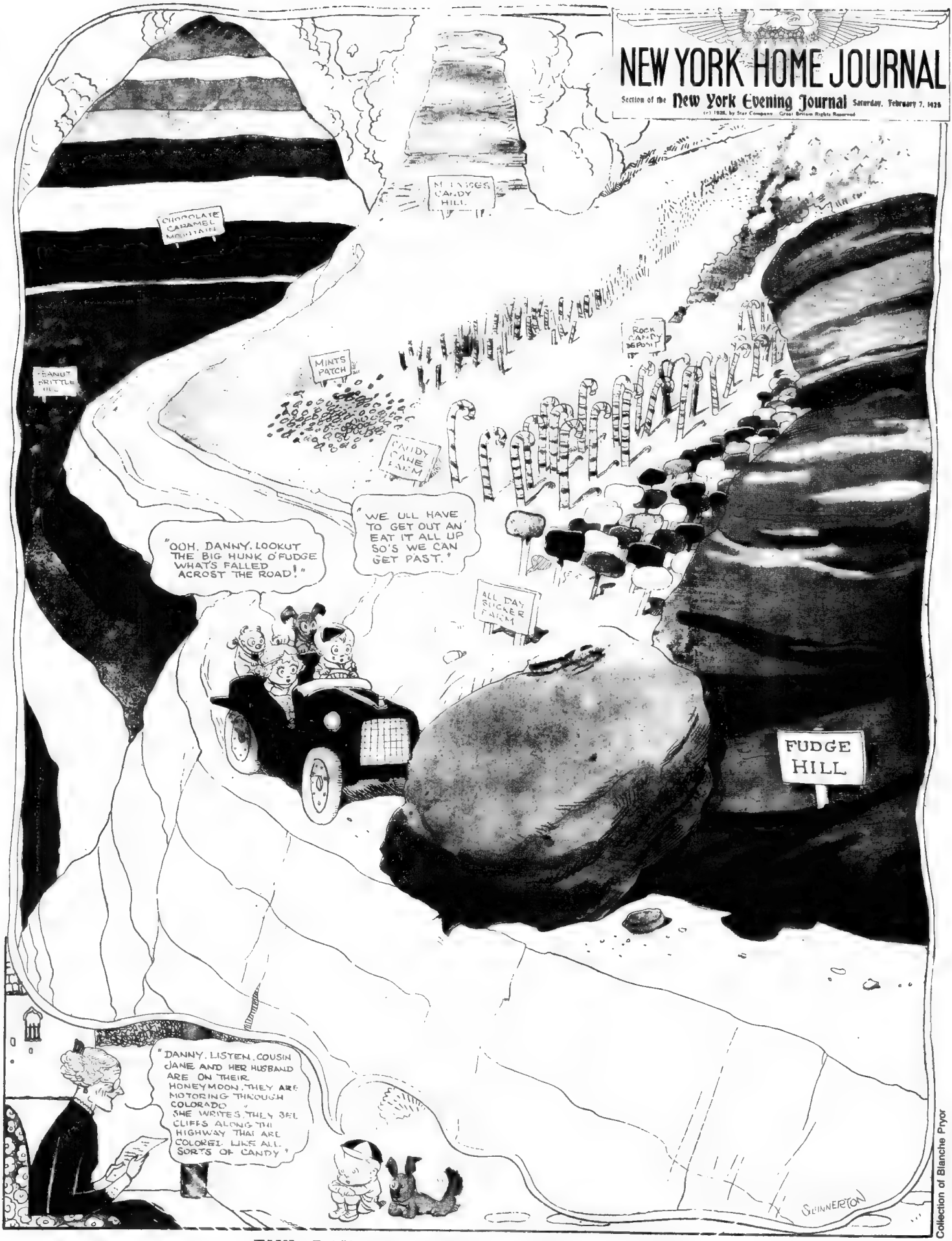
Collection of Blanche Pryor

HOME MAGAZINE
THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
Saturday, August 2, 1924

"HEY BOSS, WE'VE BROUGHT UP 'BLIZZARD' AN' 'TORNADO' AN' 'STEAMBOAT' AN' 'BLACK DEATH' AN' 'DYNAMITE'. WHICH ONE D'YE WANT TO RIDE FIRST?"
"HERE Y'ARE BOSS!"
"AS SOON AS I CAN PUT ON MY FUR CHAPS I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I RIDE BUCKIN' BRONCHOS"
"OOH! AIN'T YOU BRA-A-A-VE AN' CAN MY DOG AN' MY CAT SEE YOU TOO?"
WAFF WAAF
"HEY, KEEP QUIET! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYIN' TO THINK?"
SWINNERTON

THE DAY DREAMS OF DANNY DAWES

Collection of Blanche Pryor


NEW YORK HOME JOURNAL
Section of the New York Evening Journal Saturday, February 7, 1925
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CHOCOLATE CARAMEL MOUNTAIN
PEANUT BRITTLE
MINTS PATCH
ROCK CANDY DEPOT
CANDY CANE FARM
ALL DAY SUCKER FARM
FUDGE HILL
"OOH, DANNY, LOOKUT THE BIG HUNK O'FUDGE WHAT'S FALLED ACROST THE ROAD!"
"WE ULL HAVE TO GET OUT AN' EAT IT ALL UP SO'S WE CAN GET PAST."
"DANNY, LISTEN, COUSIN JANE AND HER HUSBAND ARE ON THEIR HONEYMOON, THEY ARE MOTORING THROUGH COLORADO " SHE WRITES, THEY SEE CLIFFS ALONG THE HIGHWAY THAT ARE COLORED LIKE ALL SORTS OF CANDY."
SKINNERTON

THE DAY DREAMS OF DANNY DAWES

Collection of Blanche Pryor

NEW YORK HOME JOURNAL
Section of the New York Evening Journal Saturday, March 21, 1925
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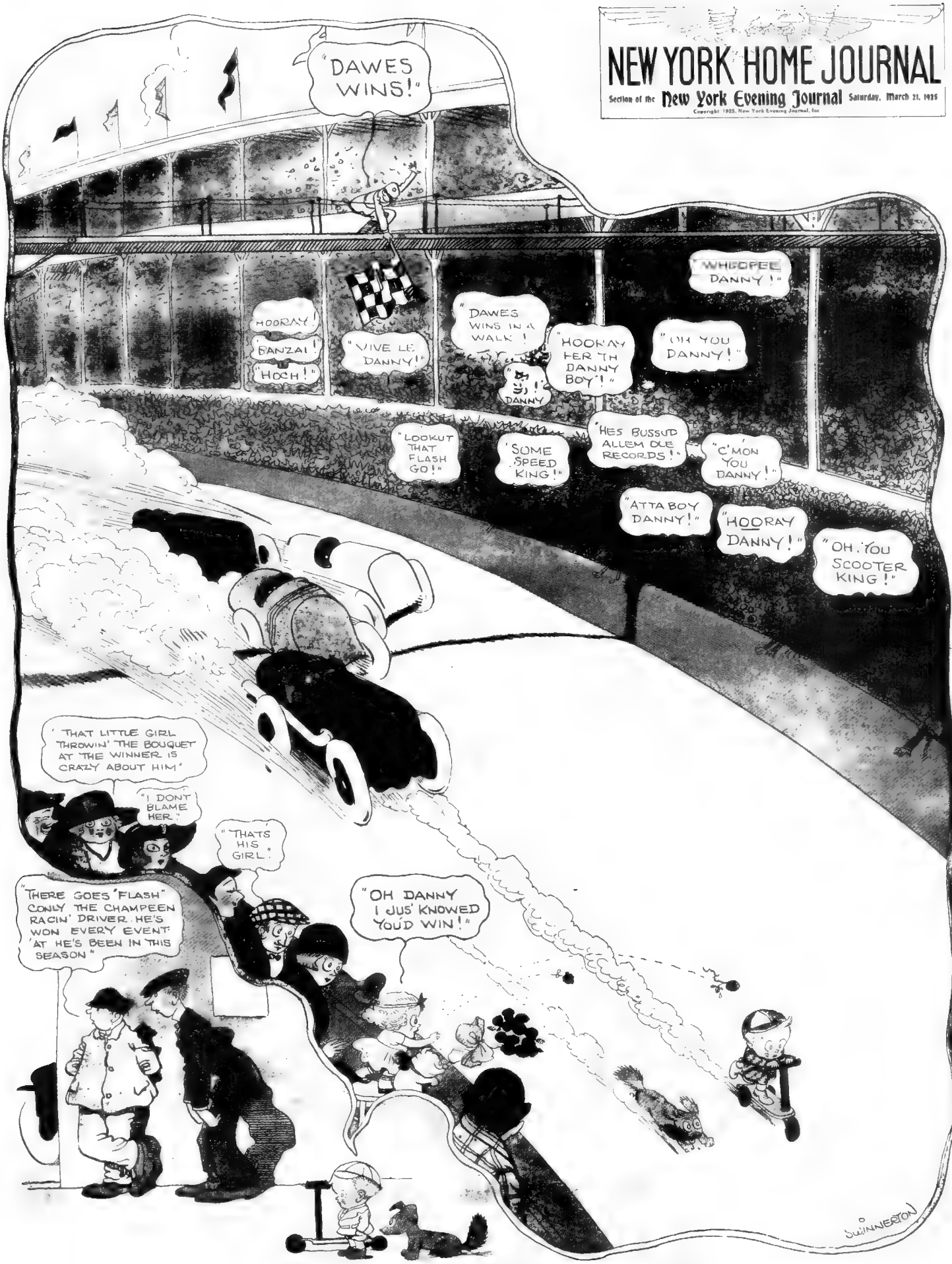
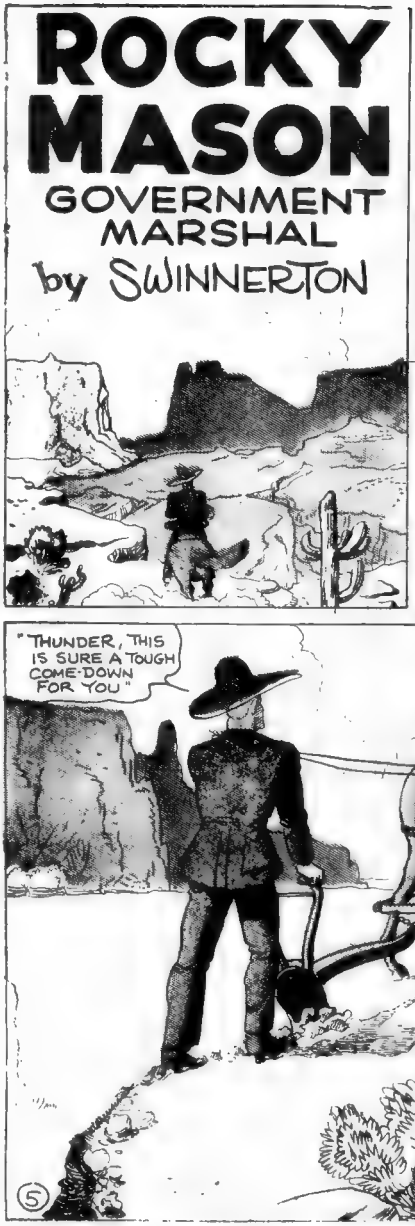

"DAWES WINS!"
HOORAY!
BANZAI!
"HOCH!"
"VIVE LE DANNY!"
"DAWES WINS IN A WALK!"
"HOORAY FER TH DANNY BOY!"
"OH YOU DANNY!"
WHOOPEE DANNY!"
"LOOKUT THAT FLASH GO!"
"SOME SPEED KING!"
"HES BUSSUD ALLEM OLE RECORDS!"
"C'MON YOU DANNY!"
"ATTA BOY DANNY!"
"HOORAY DANNY!"
"OH. YOU SCOOTER KING!"
"THAT LITTLE GIRL THROWIN' THE BOUQUET AT THE WINNER IS CRAZY ABOUT HIM"
"I DONT BLAME HER."
"THATS HIS GIRL."
"THERE GOES 'FLASH' CONLY THE CHAMPEEN RACIN' DRIVER. HE'S WON EVERY EVENT 'AT HE'S BEEN IN THIS SEASON"
"OH DANNY I JUS' KNOWED YOU'D WIN!"
SULLIVANTON

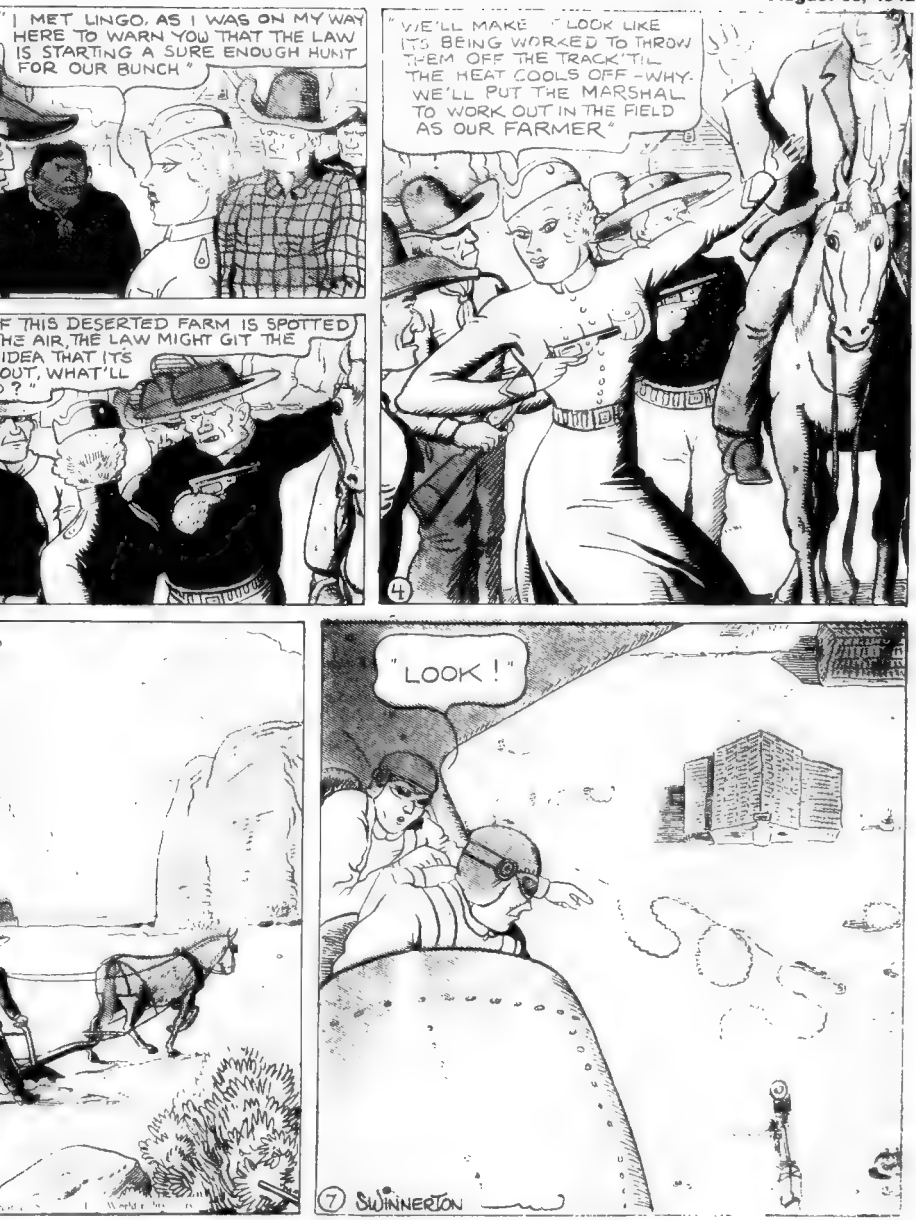
THE DAY DREAMS OF DANNY DAWES

Collection of Blanche Pryor


ROCKY MASON
GOVERNMENT MARSHAL
by SWINNERTON
"HI, BOSS, WHAT ABOUT HIM?"
"SO YOU ARE THE LEADER OF THIS GANG OF SKY BANDITS!"
"SURE, ONLY SOMEONE CONNECTED WITH THE AIRLINE COULD DOCTOR THE 'PLANES, SO AS TO CAUSE FORCED LANDINGS WITHOUT RAISING SUSPICION."
"THUNDER, THIS IS SURE A TOUGH COME-DOWN FOR YOU"
"DON'T GIT ANY IDEAS OUT THERE MARSHAL, THERE'S THREE GUNS COVERING YOU."
8 30

Rocky Mason was a Western adventure strip drawn in the 1940s. This example of Swinnerton's thematic departu

August 30, 1942


I MET LINGO, AS I WAS ON MY WAY HERE TO WARN YOU THAT THE LAW IS STARTING A SURE ENOUGH HUNT FOR OUR BUNCH"
F THIS DESERTED FARM IS SPOTTED HE AIR, THE LAW MIGHT GIT THE IDEA THAT IT'S OUT, WHAT'LL ?"
"WE'LL MAKE IT LOOK LIKE ITS BEING WORKED TO THROW THEM OFF THE TRACK 'TIL THE HEAT COOLS OFF - WHY WE'LL PUT THE MARSHAL TO WORK OUT IN THE FIELD AS OUR FARMER"
4
"LOOK!"
7 SWINNERTON

ure was drawn during his 50th anniversary as a cartoonist.

book reviews

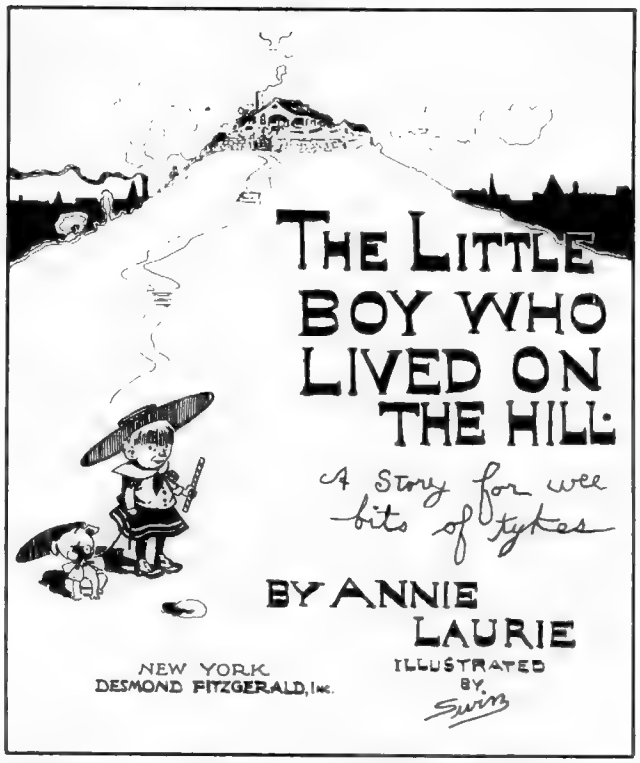
The Man Who Grew Up With The Comics

JIMMY SWINNERTON: THE ARTIST AND HIS WORK, by Harold G. Davidson, Hearst Books, N.Y., 1985, 160 pp., 35 in color; $34.95.

Very slowly, at the rate of about one new book a decade, doth the little shelf of books *about* the major comic strip artists grow. Percy Crosby has been done; Milton Caniff, too (albeit sketchily); and Sparky Schulz, several times. Mort Walker handled himself well in his own write; a few others have been given some biographical substance in books devoted primarily to their work, such as Chic Young, Will Eisner, and—substantially, in accruing layers—Carl Barks. Upcoming, in books of various format, are Floyd Gottfredson, George Herriman, and E.C. Segar. But the meaty, in-depth texts that we would all welcome on such crucial remaining figures as Winsor McCay, Chester Gould, Richard F. Outcault, Rudolph Dirks, Harold Foster, Alex Raymond, Al Capp, and so many others, have never appeared, and—alas—do not appear to be in the offing. Recently, however, our Thimble Library of comic strip artists biography has been augmented solidly by Harold G. Davidson's life of Jimmy Swinnerton, an innovative Hearst cartoonist who literally grew up with the comic strip, dying at an incredible 99 years of age, just 22 years short of the comics' upcoming hundredth anniversary of 1996.

Hired by Hearst at about 16 and just out of the San Francisco Art Association school, Swinnerton began work on the San Francisco *Examiner* in 1892, first as a general staffer (drawing up news events as assigned, in that last richly graphic decade before photographs became a general feature of newspapers), then—when his comic talents became evident—as the resident handyman for "spot" gag art, primarily in the Sunday *Examiner*. Here, in the family magazine section, he introduced the first of what were to become weekly panel vignettes, running in various sizes and shapes, involving the antics of humanized bear cubs in high white collars (a number of which, possibly accidentally, bore a sharp resemblance to Hearst hismelf). Small kids were added to the cast later (leading to the feature's popular title, *Little Bears and Tykes*), but it was the bears that made Swinnerton's reputation with the *Examiner* readers, and he never stopped drawing them while he was on the staff of the paper, even during his impressive three-year stint in the middle-1890s as the *Examiner's* major political cartoonist.

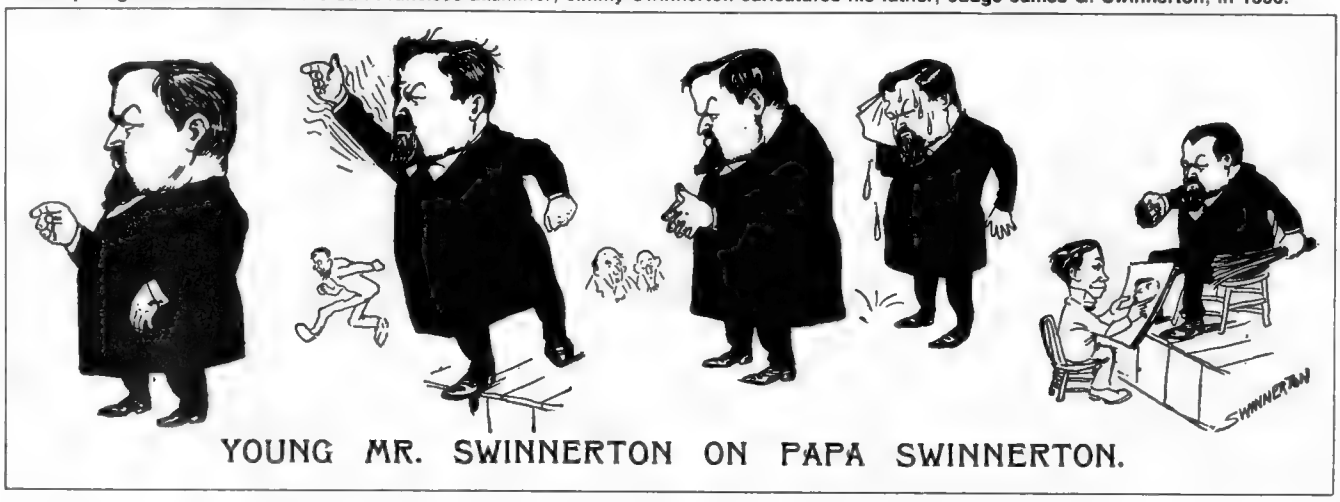
Comic animals were clearly Swinnerton's forte in Hearst's eye, and when the publisher called him to join the New York *Journal* staff in 1899, Swinnerton found himself assigned to the Sunday color comic pages and the production of such strips as *Mount Ararat* (an all-animal epic) and *Mr. Jack* (featuring a philandering lynx), which was to become his longest-lived daily strip. Later, a broad national fame grew out of his widely loved *Canyon Kiddies* color page in *Good Housekeeping* (appearing there in various avatars for almost 20 years between 1922 and 1944) and his *Little Jimmy* daily and Sunday comic strip for Hearst, seen off and on in the papers from 1903 through the 1950s. A separate career as an oil painter of western landscapes and his development of several other popular strips (*Mr. Batch, Sam and His Laugh*, etc.) further enhanced his reputation; his pursuit of cartoon themes well into retirement produced such delightful books on the Indian children theme which permeated


THE LITTLE BOY WHO LIVED ON THE HILL:
A Story for wee bits of tykes
BY ANNIE LAURIE
ILLUSTRATED BY Swin
NEW YORK
DESMOND FITZGERALD, Inc.

The charming cover of Swinnerton's first book, printed in San Francisco in 1895.

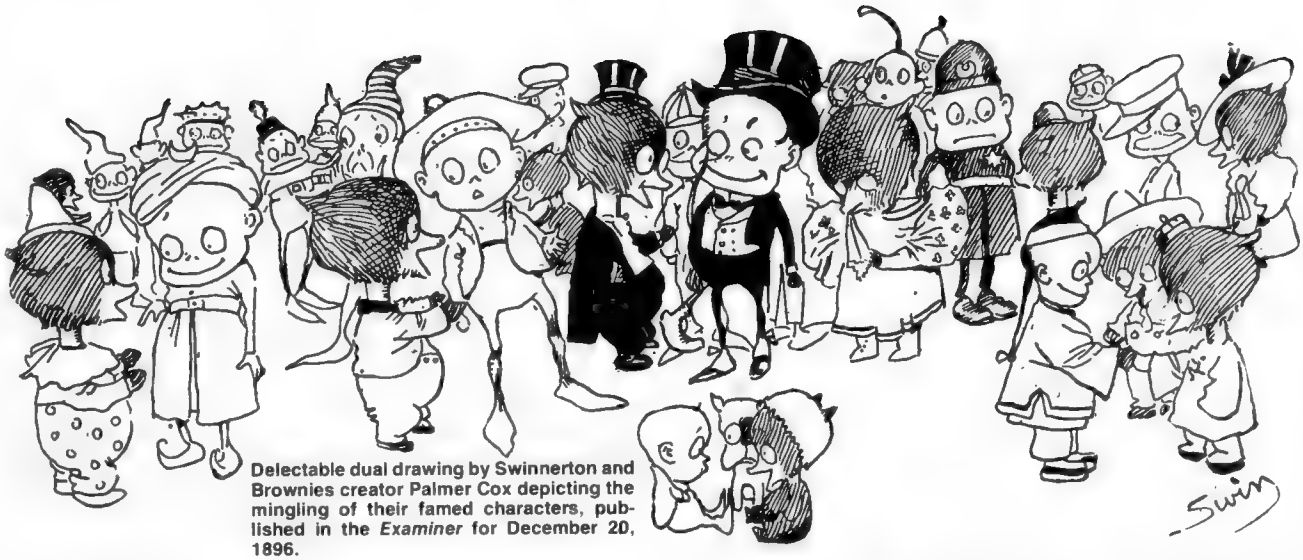
San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

As the young cartoonist star of the San Francisco *Examiner*, Jimmy Swinnerton caricatures his father, Judge James G. Swinnerton, in 1896.



YOUNG MR. SWINNERTON ON PAPA SWINNERTON.

San Francisco Academy of Comic Art



Delectable dual drawing by Swinnerton and Brownies creator Palmer Cox depicting the mingling of their famed characters, published in the *Examiner* for December 20, 1896.

San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

much of his work as his popular *Hosteen Crotchety* of 1965, executed with unfailing flair at the age of 90.

Although this centrally important strip artist is the lovingly limned subject of Davidson's biography you'd never guess it from the book's dust jacket, subtitle, or even the opening paragraphy of the dj blurb. "Over a lifetime of ninety-nine years," states this peroration, ". . . Jimmy Swinnerton produced hundreds of oil paintings of the American Southwest. Using a rather spare palette, he rendered the stark beauty of the Grand Canyon, desert vistas, buttes, arroyos, and haunting rock formations with extraordinary verisimilitude and feeling." A representative painting of some desert bushes fills the front dj, while a routine black-and-white Swinnerton photo appears on the reverse (thus mindlessly wasting color printing space which might well have been used for another painting or even—imagine!—a Sunday comic page to two).

It is clear that the book, with its internal balance of some 39 color reproductions of the paintings against a mere 11 color plates of the comic work, is aimed largely at the patrons of the Southwest art galleries familiar with Swinnerton's easel paintings. The prolific Swinnerton produced hundreds of oils, the great bulk of which have been sold at quite good prices for such things; logically, the owners of the paintings would be interested in a life of the painter, and if any sizable number of these people can be persuaded to part with $35 apiece the book will probably be in the black. The attraction of such a likely market obviously outweighs a chancy sale of a comics-oriented volume built around the same text.

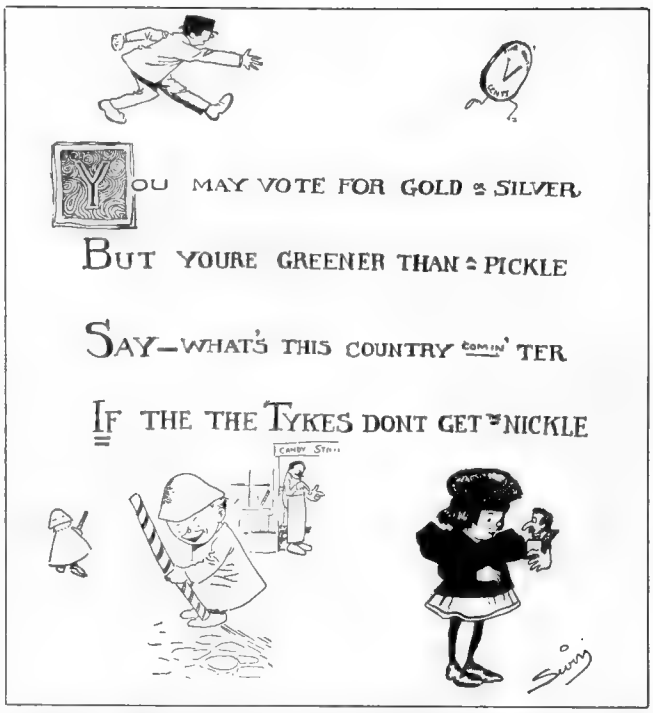
Certainly Davidson's biographical text, although concerned at length with the paintings, is much more balanced than its illustrations as a presentation of Swinnerton's life and accomplishments. Here we find a brisk, reasonably accurate narrative of the cartoonist's artistic career, marital ups and downs (he went through four marriages), and profesional friendships as well as a competent juggling of the general desiderata of a long and active life. (Davidson is fortunate in having been able to research a life lived much more publicly than those of most strip cartoonists; Swinnerton was gregarious and outgoing, always handy for gallery openings, radio and television talks and interviews, newspaper stories for his divorces and marriages, etc). And the book is full of invaluable stuff for comics buffs and researchers at a number of points: personal drawings by Swinnerton of his childhood in California; a marvelous account by Tad Dorgan of his earliest encounter with Swinnerton at the *Examiner*, as printed in the old Hearst trade magazine, *Circulation*; a description by Swinnerton in an interview from Edwin F. O'Day's "Town Talk" column about his semi-annual trips in the 1920s to confer with Hearst comics editor Rudolph Block about the forthcoming six months' strips (suggesting that this may have been a pattern of editor-artst contact for all Hearst strippers living away from the East Coast in those days); and a myriad of fine photos from Swinnerton family sources.

But the book could—*easily*—have been better. This is not an off-the-cuff reviewer's opinion, but a statement of sad fact. For Mr. Davidson paid a long visit to the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art early in the development of his Swinnerton research, well over five years ago. While he was here, he and I looked over a number of Swinnerton books and drawings that seemed to both of us vital items for the book's graphic record of the artist's career. He would, he said, ask for reproductions of them later. At my suggestion, too, he agreed to send along the manuscript of the book when completed for corrections of the sort of minor mistakes in popular genre history someone not versed in these areas might make. I had a couple of later telephone conversations and letter contacts about some very elusive Swinnerton art we were both interested in tracking down, and received a complimentary copy of Davidson's preceding biography of Swinnerton's crony, Edward Borein: *Cowboy Artist*. But no request for the book and drawing repos. No manuscript to check for oversights. No further inquiries. And the years passed. I gave up all hope for the book, when I remembered it at all. Then, out of the blue (the blue of a delivery van, in this instance), just after Halloween, the finished and published book tumbled into my hands. I raced through it, delighted at the color and the photos, the new data, the reprinted articles. Dual credits to me and to the Academy (which must have prompted shipment of my freebie) appeared in the front matter, apparently for color stats of two *Daydreams of Danny Dawes* pages from the 1920s Davidson had requested early on. But there was no trace, in any form from any source, of the other illustrations we had both once felt were essential to the book. For all of its good points, their absence made it—sadly—less of the definitive, wrap-up book it could so easily have been.

For the record, these un-utilized illustrations are reproduced with this review, together with explanatory captions. Perhaps the most vital omission was the Swinnerton *Examiner* drawing of his father, the personable Judge Swinnerton of Stockton (touched on amusingly at at a number of points in Davidson's book), which is, so far as I know, the only published drawing of the judge by his son extant. The book whose cover is reproduced here, the Annie Laurie and Swinnerton children's fantasy

An example of Swinnerton's lifelong work as a Hearst political cartoonist, from the Hearst papers in 1936.

San Francisco Academy of Comic Art


YOU MAY VOTE FOR GOLD & SILVER
BUT YOURE GREENER THAN A PICKLE
SAY—WHAT'S THIS COUNTRY COMIN' TER
IF THE THE TYKES DONT GET A NICKLE
CANDY STORE

A typical "Tykes" cut from the *Examiner* for October 8, 1896; the "gold or silver" reference is to the bitter money dispute between the two national parties at the time.

of 1895, *The Little Boy Who Lived on the Hill*, is not mentioned at all by Davidson (although another, *Hosteen Crotchety*, is discussed at its proper point in the text). The two are Swinnerton's first and last books, printed 70 years apart, a point that the Davidson biography, lacking either a bibliography of Swinnerton's books or a dated chronology of his work, fails to make. None of Swinnerton's political cartoons are reproduced in the book at all, so that the one printed here would have served to represent that vital aspect of his career. Finally, amazingly, Davidson does not include an example of the famed *Little Bears* or *Little Bears and Tykes* feature in any of its varied formats, despite his awareness of the dozens of copies in the Academy files (of which the one printed here is a good sample). Possibly those *Nemo* readers who buy the Davidson title can clip these pages and fold them into their copies, in order to shelve some semblance of the book that ought to have been.

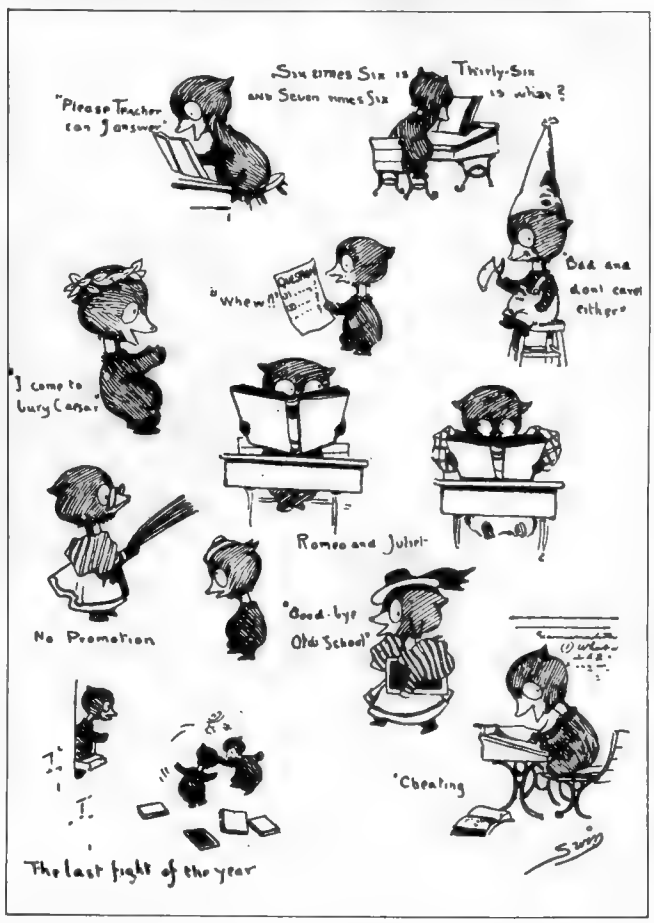
The text, too, could have used the annotating it never received. Davidson refers, for instance, to the oblong Saalfield *Little Jimmy* books of the 1930s as "Big Little Books" (a trade title used exclusively by the Whitman line of similar reprint books of that time). In his only direct description of the *Bears* and *Tykes* feature (which appeared most of the time as a two-column, five-inches-high square), he calls it, bizarrely, a "strip of cartoon figures." (He also routinely calls the feature a comic strip, which, of course, it never was.) Further on, he refers to an article by Charles E. Van Loan, reprinted in full, as something the author wrote specifically for a two-bit Colton (Ca.) giveaway newspaper (Swinnerton being a resident of Colton at the time), while Van Loan's subscripture under his name at the close of the article makes it clear that it was written "for all the Hearst papers," in which the piece appeared on various Sundays in the summer of 1906. Among the more glaring omissions of relevant data, which his research clearly missed, but which I could have suggested he add to the final manuscript, was any mention of the giant silver cup adorned with a bas-relief of Swinnerton bears which was awarded by the *Examiner* as a major prize in the great San Francisco Exposition of 1894. (The *Examiner* reproduced it in a full-size drawing filling most of the newspaper page, and it is still visible in old photographs at the California Historical Society.) Missed by Davidson too was the extremely prolonged use by the Hearst strip syndicate of Doc Winner as a stylistically obvious ghost of Swinnerton's daily and Sunday *Little Jimmy* strips of the late 1920s and early 1930s (aside from the sharp differences in art, the Winner pages are easily spotted by the absence of Swinnerton's signature: like Crane and Sterrett, the California cartoonist would sign nothing he had not drawn). One would like to know what led Swinnerton to avoid drawing so much of his own strip during those years; Davidson's biography indicates that nothing out of the ordinary seemed to be present in Swinnerton's life at that time.

A minor matter, but worthy of at least a note, was Swinnerton's only alternately bylined strip, the "Guilford"-signed *Mr. Nutt* daily of 1915: Guilford being Swinnerton's midde name. Not as minor, and promisingly colorful, was the casting of Swinnerton's daughter as a lead actress in a projected 1922 film version of *Little Jimmy*; a news item and photo exists in reference to this, but there is no mention of the matter in the book. Finally, apart from matters of text, Davidson badly marred his art layout by the use of grubby, unevenly-copied microfim blowups of Swinnerton art from the *Examiner* of the 1890s, when he could have had sharp, direct replicas of the same material made on the Academy copier from *its* file of the *Examiner* for those years. (I didn't have the file at the time of Mr. Davidson's research visit, but I advised him that the Academy was to receive the San Francisco Public Library file in due time—as it did in 1984—and one only wishes he had thought to phone or write to ask about it when he decided to use the cuts in question.)

Cavils, of course. The book is a largely valid basic biography as it stands, and I don't want to slip into the tone of the *New York Review of Books*-kind of piece which leaves one wondering why the author of the reviewed book was let write a work for which the reviewer was obviously so much better qualified.

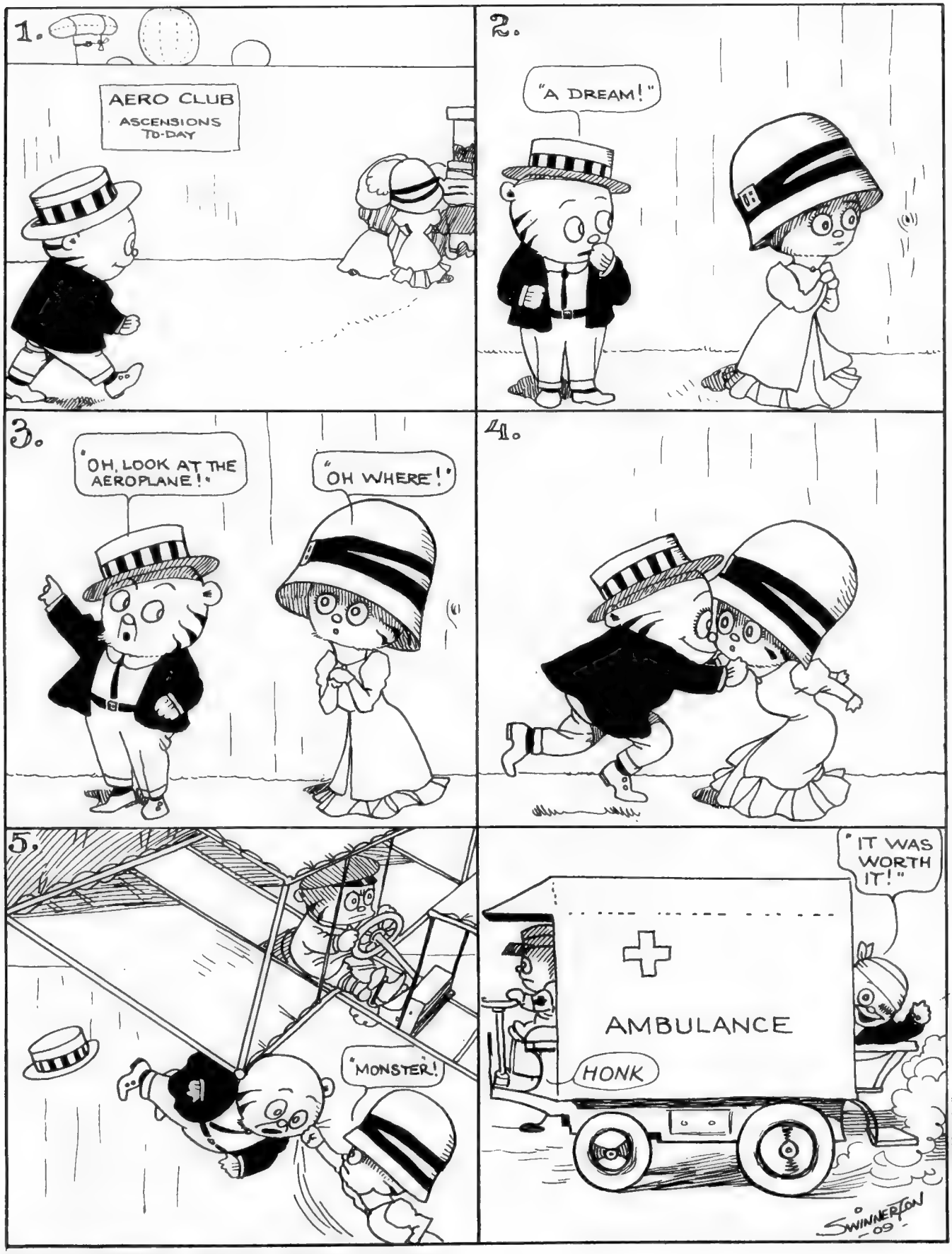
What remains to be mentioned here is a matter of considerable comic strip interest that of necessity lies outside the scope of the Davidson biography with its only superficial orientation to comic strip art and history. This is the remarkable (but little noted) phenomenon of the impact of the bizarre graphic splendor and color of the great American desert on a quartet of centrally important American strip artists, an impact shared by two of them and independently encountered by two others, which was reflected for a long period of time in the images of five widely read comic strips through the middle decades of this century. Swinnerton was almost certain-

An early little bears panel from the *Examiner* for June 2, 1895.



San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

Collection of Rick Marschall



Collection of Rick Marschall

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS—A typical daily adventure of Swinnerton's philandering feline, Mr. Jack, from 1909.

An *Examiner* drawing of the silver "Little Bear" cup to be awarded by the paper as a prize at the San Francisco Midwinter Fair of 1894.

San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

ly the first of this group of cartoonists to react to the haunting beauty of the mesa and arroyo of the American Southwest when he was forced—by ill health and the fiat of William Randolph Hearst—to move to the hot, dry desert country early in the 1900s. Here he was inspired to return to art school in order to learn how to paint the images that had so gripped his imagination, although it was some time before he could manuever this newly experienced desert setting into his comic strip work itself, due to the focus of his material of that time on urban Eastern settings. In fact, and in spite of the success the desert settings had made on the readers of *Good Housekeeping* when he began his *Canyon Kiddies* concept for that magazine in 1922, he did not settle the *Little Jimmy* characters into a specifically desert setting and Indian milieu until the very end of the 1920s. From that point, however, until the close of the strip in the mid-1950s, Little Jimmy and his Indian and animal friends never left the shadow of the butte and cactus.

It was apparently Swinnerton who introduced George Herriman to the desert at some point in the 1910s, when specific, noticeable elements of the Southwestern mesas began to beome fixed background elements in *Krazy Kat*, transforming the atmosphere of the strip permanently until its end with Herriman's death in 1944. Swinnerton made numerous trips into the desert with Herriman, *Us Kids* artist Tom MacNamara (who was never to use desert settings at all in his city kid strips), and even once or twice a visiting Rudolph Dirks. Various newspaper articles illustrated by the cartoonists and surviving photographs have recorded some amusing aspects of these expeditions, but the most powerful monument remains, of course, in the *Krazy Kat* epic itself.

Paralleling the color display of scenic desert totems in the *Krazy Kat* of the 1920s was E.C. Segar's personal realization of the awesome, empty desert shibboleth in the 1926-1929 *Thimble Theatre* Sunday narrative, against which his picaresque pair of rogues, Castor Oyl and Ham Gravy, wander for what is probably the longest sustained single narative in comic strip history, developing wondrously funny slapstick gags which could not have occurred in any other setting, and often involving the direct utilization of the basic elements of that setting. Later, Segar was to return to a desert locale more than once in the daily Popeye sequences of *Thimble Theatre*, and—most memorably in the later years—in a 1935 Sunday adventure focusing on the wanderings of J. Wellington Wimpy himself in that heartless environment. Oddly enough, in view of Segar and Herriman living within a few miles of each other in the Los Angeles area and almost certainly holding a deep admiration for each others' work (their strips ran side by side for two decades on the daily comic page of the Los Angeles *Herald and Express*), I have not been able to turn up any printed or written record, or verbal recollection, of the two ever having met—let alone undertaking an automobile caravan into the cacti.

Lacking even a regional or syndicate connection with the three Hearst cartoonists, the extraordinary Ed Leffingwell seems to have developed the imaginative affiliation with the more mountainous aspects of the desert scene, used to such continuously striking effect in his News-Tribune *Little Joe* Sunday strips of the 1930s, largely on his own. Leffingwell's *Little Joe* is a rare instance of a comic strip in which the physical setting weighs almost as much as the narrative impact and the central characters themselves—so much so that Harold Gray was evidently moved to recruit Leffingwell for the frequent introduction of mountain backgrounds in his *Little Orphan Annie* strip, returning the favor by drawing the feature characters in *Little Joe* himself—as well as obviously supplying the story line and dialogue for better than two decades.

It is certain that comic strip readers of the 1920s through the 1950s were much more aware than any Americans before (and very likely since) of the scenic beauty of the great, flat mesas and thrusting, knife-edged cliffs that make up so much of the western American continent—and that the first and possibly foremost graphic comic strip prophet of that beauty was James Guilford Swinnerton, the simple, friendly, garrulous Jimmy Swinnerton of Harold G. Davidson's engaging new book.

—Bill Blackbeard

** For a dissenting view of* Little Joe's *creative origins and Leffingwell's contributions, see* NEMO *#21.* *—REM*

NEXT ISSUE:

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE AND THE WISDOM OF THE AGES

FOLKS AREN'T MADE THAT WAY, ANNIE— YOU CAN TELL THEM THE FACTS YOU KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE— SHOW THEM FIGURES TO PROVE EVERY CLAIM YOU MAKE— BUT NO ONE EVER REALLY LEARNS THAT WAY—

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—Kicking off the NEMO Bookshelf's significant reprint series that will resurrect all of Harold Gray's classic strip, NEMO 23 presents a complete episode from 1937, complete with Annie, "Daddy" Warbucks, evil villains, and the magical Mr. Am, Punjab, the Asp, and amazing action and intrigue! Dailies and Sundays, reproduced from pristine proofs in the Gray Archives.

HI AND LOIS—NEMO 23 exclusively previews the soon-to-be-published retrospective volume of this classic strip by Mort Walker and Dik Browne, featuring an art portfolio of stunning Sunday pages and landmark daily continuities, including the first weeks' strips.

TOONERVILLE TROLLEY—One of the most beloved of old-time strips is F. Fox's cartoon featuring the Trolley, Mickey (Himself) McGuire, Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang, and the Powerful Katrinka. NEMO 23 presents a memoir by Fox's assistant, with photos and artwork.

EYEWITNESS TO COMICS HISTORY—A new NEMO series presents first-person accounts of memorable and vital information about strip history. In NEMO 23, syndicate pioneer John Wheeler recalls the colorful cartoonists he knew, including Bud Fisher.

AND MORE. . . all in NEMO 23, on sale in October. Does not contain iodide, a necessary nutrient.

letters

Cartoon Knowledge

Dear Rick:

A brief and highly unsatisfactory note to tell you how much I enjoy *NEMO* and what a superb and serious and tasteful job you are all doing—and no, I don't think you should have a letter page because it would cheat us out of more golden material.

JULES FEIFFER

I am sorry to go against your wishes regarding the letters page, Jules, but I hope the magazine continues to please you in every other way. *REM*

Two Dissenting Views

Dear Rick,

*NEMO*s come in fast and furious. I was still reading the *Tracy* issue [#17] when the next one arrived, and I particularly liked the Winsor McCay stuff. I saved his editorial cartoons at the time because of his incredible detail. He must have been as nutty as *Barney Baxter*'s Frank Miller to put in so much work per drawing. As for Al Capp, I liked the Bald Iggle series and the article till it, inevitably, got too political.

I was probably one of his first fans. I wrote him a letter when his very first strips appeared in the *Milwaukee Journal* and still have the long and thoughtful letter he sent me in response. I have several friends who also contacted him way back then and all mention his gracious interest in beginners.

After the *NEMO* article I started to type out a reply but figured it was rather foolish—the man is dead. But, as the Bald Iggle episode shows, he was not initially political—like Will Rogers, he attacked all hypocrites, no matter what their politics or ideas and so, also like Rogers, everybody liked him. Unlike Walt Kelly (thank God: Kelly's political intrusions wrecked the humor of the strip) he didn't denounce Joe McCarthy or racism or much of anything elose, except idiocy.

When he ran a parody of Frank Sinatra he (unlike Trudeau) didn't mention Frankie's well-known devotion to the mob—he poked fun at his skinny appearance and the swooning groupies (in his later years those groupies would have been leftist college girls). When, in recent years, he tackled Joan Baez, he replaced that light tough with venom.

But when a guy who made fun of seedy politicians (I fondly remember a strip where a politician mentioned that a road contract, open to all bidders, was won "by a laughable coincidence" by that politician's brother), ended up in bed with Spiro Agnew, you knew something had gone down the drain, for Spiro was hardly subtle in his seediness. But by then he was writing that dreadfully unfunny column of his. I remember he mentioned some underdeveloped, leftist country having an airport named "Youpaidfurrit." Now *that* is really straining. And he was then regularly getting moralistic—about supposedly sex-crazed college girls and unwed mothers.

I suppose the college girl chatter should have tipped us off that he was heading for trouble. Aging males who conclude that today's coeds are all pretty wild should be watched carefully... Anyway, he had a chance to deny those sex charges in a courtroom under oath and didn't—and he was gracefully humble when the judge delivered a clear, unchallenged conviction. It's not too admirable for him to later, *not* under oath, say the charges were "trumped up." So far as I'm concerned, those who still defend Capp or Alger Hiss are in the same boat and for the same reasons: politics.

Incidentally, Goldie Hawn notes she had the same problems with Capp (he exposing himself and crudely propositioning her when she applied for a part in his musical) and she (A) doesn't need publicity and (B) couldn't care less about Capp or his politics, he being long dead.

And I know a girl personally who had the same problems with him. It was a pattern, but girls seldom bring charges since we have plenty of males who still figure "she asked for it (wasn't he rich and famous?)" and/or "she brought charges for ulterior motives (money or politics)." I'd feel sorry for him if it weren't for this unfair attempt to smear the girls who showed guts by standing up to him.

I resent in the same fashion his comment about the true martyrs at Kent State being the Guardsmen. I was in the infantry for a time in WW II and know that well trained, fully armed, and helmeted military units do not shoot into groups of American kids, all of whom were quite a distance away (I still have the *Life* photos) and unarmed, no matter how much those kids may jeer or even throw rocks, though there was no talk of even that. Anyway, what are helmets for?

Some of those dead or seriously wounded kids were merely changing classes which is why so many kids were there in the first place. So Capp thought those kids in the National Guard (a pretty inadequate outfit at best, say we professionals) who panicked were the true martyrs? Well, I guess it's nice to be the guy who not only doesn't get killed but turns out to be the hero as well.

My only other grouchy observation (since I suspect we agree more than we disagree really) is that I never wet my bed at Dartmouth and I assume you never wet your bed on campus and, if either of us ever had, I don't see what difference that would make in an adult argument about anything. *But* I will take a "campus bedwetter" over an aging man exposing himself any day...

NEMO should probably either just discuss the artistry or other professional aspects of a man's work or, if you are going to get into such controversies, present both sides. Actually I'd like to know more about the personal problems of a Capp, a Crosby, a Ralph Barton, a Bud Fisher, if this could be done tastefully. Capp's decline was sad and needs exploration—but don't be so silly as to blame vindictive left-wing coeds or the fickle ways of liberals.

He had problems, blamed everyone else, and I rather pity his wife... It would be interesting to know more about him. As a pure amateur analyst, I'd bet that missing leg may have left some psychological marks—he surely had plenty of young years when he must have been very self-conscious around girls—did (I think with good reason) resent the fact that his strips didn't bring high prices compared to some other originals (I'd guess there was prejudice there on the part of many buyers); may have been bothered by the constant chatter about how Frazetta "made" the strip when he joined the team (I pick Frazetta as the most over-rated cartoonist around); must have been inevitably effected by the chatter about him being the new Swift (we Americans do tend to canonize mere pop stars) which led to those articles he wrote for *Harpers* or *Atlantic* about humor, which bothered me mainly because he didn't even seem to know why his own strip was funny.

He figured we laughed because Abner ran away from Daisy Mae whereas you or I would not run—thus we feel superior to Abner—therefore we laugh. I argue that nobody laughed at Abner himself at all. We laughed at Hairless Joe and Lone-

NEMO invites correspondence on recent articles, suggestions for future coverage, and items of historical, biographical, and bibliographical interest.

Artwork and photos will be considered and will be handled with care and returned to correspondents.

In the meantime, and at appropriate intervals, sketches from the editor's notebooks by artists of the past and present will enliven the letter colums.

Write to NEMO, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

some Polecat and Mammy and Pappy and all those other great characters.

And, thanks to that twisted theory of his, he produced the most tasteless series of strips ever drawn—those weeks after Abner and Daisy Mae were married and he used every excuse possible to avoid going to bed with her or even kissing her while she cried. That was when he really lost me—not over politics. Hell, I know and like a lot of arch-conservatives. But he was veering off the track.

It was kind of a sad loss because he had something there once . . .

AL HORMEL
WESTON, CT

Dear Rick,

Thank you for the nice *Rudy* review in *NEMO* #15; by then he had passed into the monkey hall of fame.

Thanks too, for the bit about that passing in issue #18.

Following is another kind of letter. I gave it a lot of thought and decided I'd like to get down what I remember about the Saunders years. What a better place to get it right but *NEMO*?

Reading the late Allen Saunders autobiography, *Playwright For Paper Actors* [*NEMO* #4-19] I feel there are several things I would like to comment on. Although I realize it may not be a popular thing to do so close to his death, I believe my view, however subjective, should be in the record.

I was hired in 1952 by Harold Anderson, the president of Publisher's Syndicate, to draw *Steve Roper*. I had been submitting strip ideas to Andy for several years and was asked to compete with other cartoonists for the job.

At the time, the strip was in disarray. Pete Hoffman, who did the tightly-drawn foreground figures and received no credit (Saunders and Woggon signed the work), left on short notice to do his own strip, *Jeff Cobb*. One of the strip's problems was Elmer Woggon's backgrounds. Whatever his abilities as a big-foot man, his odd perspective and sense of style produced a kind of 1940s Sears catalogue look. I took the job with the understanding I would do all the art, color, and lettering, on both the daily and Sunday. For this I received a 20-year contract; the spoken agreement I alone would sign the strip (later broken); and the privilege of paying Elmer's pension for the next 25 years.

It was explained that as I was the "new man" in the firm, I would tithe to Elmer as a founding father. This continued for years and when I began to ask why it wasn't shared among us, Elmer was assigned to do the lettering—which must have made him one of the best-paid letterers in comic history. In the late 1970s, when the strip's revenue dipped, I finally refused to continue and went back to doing the lettering myself. For the last year of Elmer's life, Allen paid the pension.

I became a cartoonist because I wanted to tell stories—write as well as draw. I had been doing this several times in comic books and from the very beginning of my association with Allen we collaborated on story ideas. He would come to New York once or twice a year and we would go over *Roper* plots for several 13-week episodes—I want to make it clear that at this time he (and John) wrote all the dialogue and became very upset if a word was changed.

Although *Roper* did modestly well, it was Mike Nomad that turned it around and pushed new sales. Nomad was a character that I had tried to sell for years in strip submissions. But in the 1950s he was considered anti-hero and did not fit the "Pat Ryan" school of strip heroes. To his credit, when I showed Allen my version of Nomad he immediately saw the potential and we redesigned him to fit *Roper*. [Nomad] was so successful that Steve very nearly disappeared and I have no doubt that without his (Nomad's) presence the strip would have faded long ago.

I assumed that when the time came along for Allen to retire I would have a good chance of doing the writing. By then I had written three published novels and had four screenplays produced as feature films, so I considered myself capable. What I didn't know all those years was that Allen was preparing his son, John Saunders, for the job. As he says in his bio, he kept this from the syndicate—and me. When the syndicate did spring it with the usual slippery footwork, it was an accomplished fact.

When my 20-year contract had finally run out and I attempted to renegotiate with Anderson, he would not return my calls and we drifted into no-contract. This turned out to be an advantage because it meant I could quit when I wanted to. Actually, this is the only leverage the average cartoonist has.

I got along fine with John Saunders as I had with his father, but unfortunately, I did not like his writing. I felt it was dated and predictable, and I began mild editing, accelerating to rewritting copy and switching plots. John strongly objected—as he had every right—and it was obvious that there was no future for me in *Roper*. I was doing another strip, *Rudy*, at that time, and a lot of outside telelvision writing, so when I got in a dispute with the syndicate about overtime charges, I quit. I have never regretted it. I did my 20-years-to-life.

In retrospect, Allen was a pleasant man with a large ego and an active case of nepotism. If he sewed up the strip for the family, then that's good business and the American way. He was also a generous, witty man and I don't remember having a serious disagreement with him. But beneath the professorial exterior lurked an ego as big as all outdoors. From the beginning I believe he thought of the strips as *his*, that the artists were there on suffrage, to be replaced as need be. Although he had a contractual and gentleman's agreement not to divulge his connection to *Kerry Drake*, he had to tell

me at once. At one point when he felt the syndicate wasn't getting him enough attention, he hired his own press agent, much to the annoyance of Harold Anderson.

Allen had been called the syndicate's "senior editor" by Anderson early in their association, but when Nick Dallas went on from *Rex Morgan* (which Allen had helped launch and received a share of in the beginning), to *Apt. 3-G*, Allen had a fit, calling it an invasion of his *Mary Worth* territory. After that he stopped being senior editor for Andy.

I hadn't talked to Allen for several years but lately I remembered him once telling me about the story conferences with Alfred Andriola. Unlike our give-and-take of hashing out plots and characters, Alfred, he said, "just sat there listening—he didn't help me a damn bit."

But then, Alfred was no dummy.

WILLIAM OVERGARD
STONY POINT, NY

Notes From the Master

Through the time we've produced NEMO, *we've received some encouraging letters from Milton Caniff. Now that we've inaugurated a letters column, we'd like to acknowledge his Hellos.*

After our premiere issues, which ran vintage Terry and the Pirates *Sunday pages:*

Rick: The package of goodies is here! I had the two editions which carried the *Terry* story, but the subsequent copies were new to me. *Steve* [*Canyon*] took a beating yesterday while we all caught up. Some remarkable stuff in those volumes. Congratulations!

Issue #12 focused on the cartoonists of World War II, and Milt granted permission to feature Miss Lace in the number.

Rick: Good to see my old friend on the cover of *NEMO*—and on the inside as well. Altogether an interesting issue.

And issue #15 featured a Dickie Dare *episode, Milt's first adventure strip.*

Rick: Handsome display! It is good to see *Dickie* in color and on the cover. Best, Milton.

It is extremely gratifying that the Dean of Cartoonists, and the nation's Number One talent in the field of comic strips, also still retains the fan's interest and enthusiasm for the art form. —*REM*